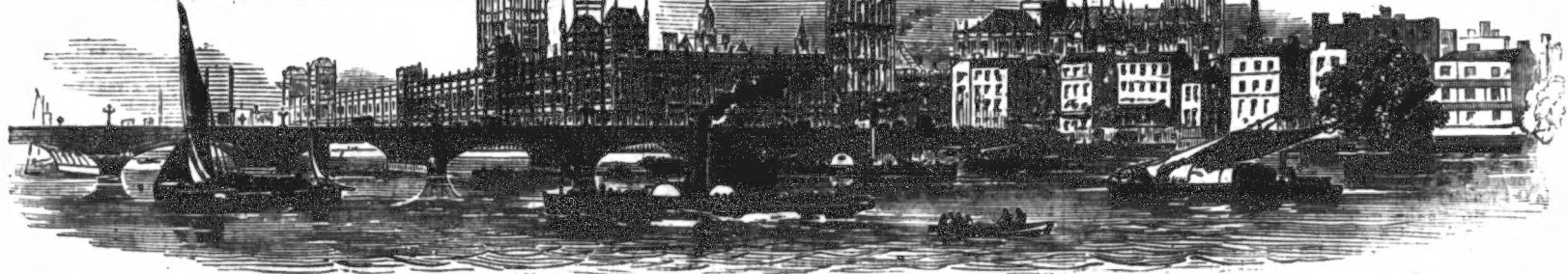


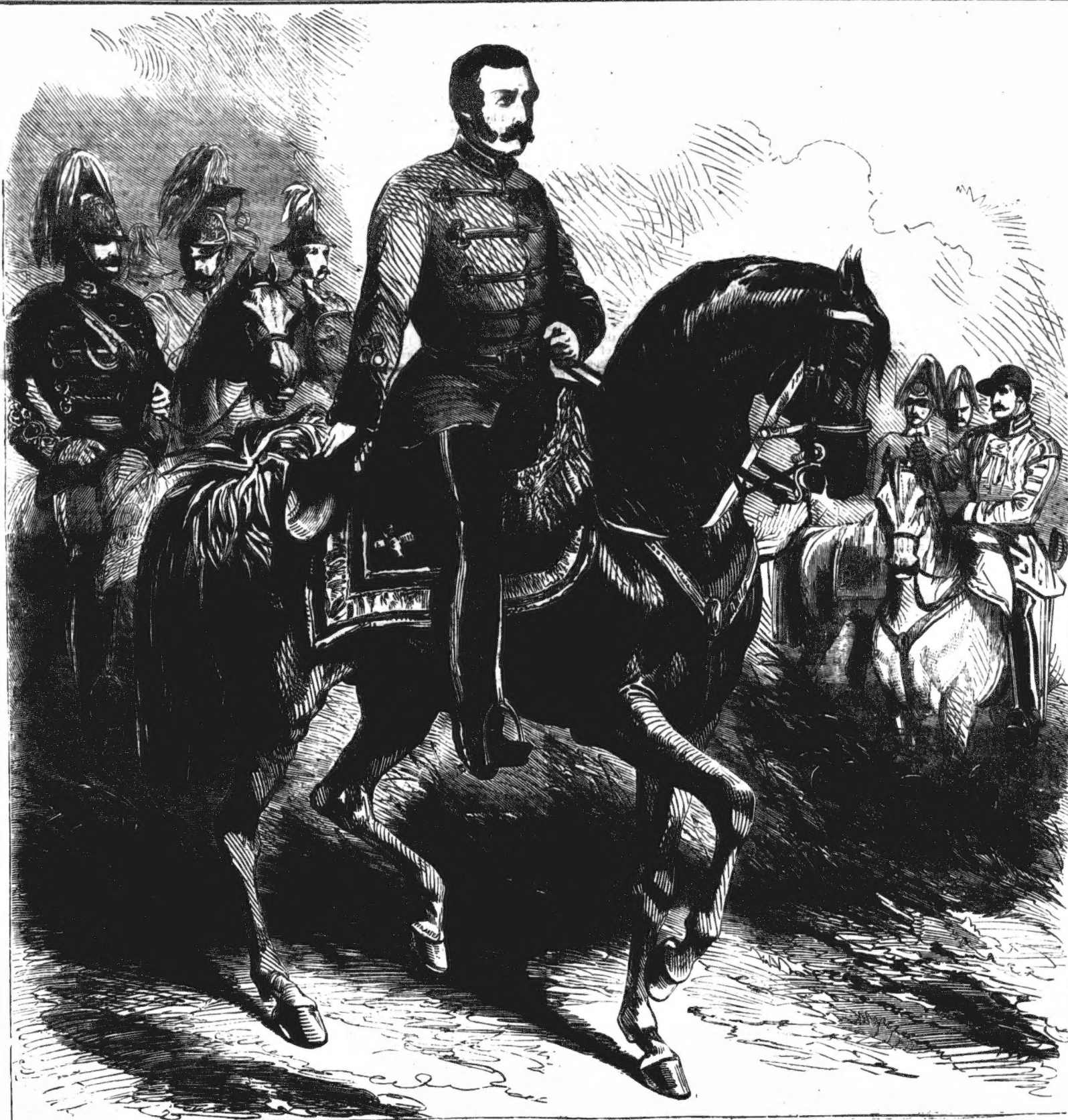
John Dick 313 Strand
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



THE KING OF DENMARK—FATHER OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday a notice was issued to the metropolitan police signed by Sir R. Mayne, stating that, at his recommendation, Sir G. Grey had sanctioned an increase of pay to some of the men of the 4th division. The notice has already given great dissatisfaction to the sergeants, who will only receive 2s. per week more than the first class constables. At present there are 800 sergeants receiving 24s. 6d. per week, and out of this number 188 are to be raised to 25s. 6d. per week. The other alterations are—500 men who joined in the year 1848, are to receive 22s. per week; 2,638, 21s.; 700, 20s.; and 400, 19s. per week.

We believe that the public will receive with great satisfaction the intelligence that George Hall, who was to have suffered on Monday morning the sentence of death passed upon him at the Warwickshire Assizes, has been reprieved.

On Saturday the remains of a maiden lady of independent circumstances, named Mary Clarke, who died at her residence, Pine Cottage, Lee-road, Blackheath, at the advanced age of 107 years, were interred in the family vault at Nunhead Cemetery. Miss Clarke had retained all her faculties to the last, and attended church regularly until within a few weeks of her death.

On Monday, shortly after noon, a fire was discovered on the upper story, used as a pattern-room, of an extensive range of buildings in the foundry of Messrs. Forrester and Co., Vauxhall-road, Liverpool. Mr. Hewitt, with the corporation engine, and Mr. Barrat, with the West of England brigade, arrived together shortly after the alarm was given, and ten jets were brought into play. The flames spread rapidly, and the roof fell in; but the fire was fortunately confined to the pattern-room and a portion of the next floor, the whole length of which was filled with drilling and other valuable machinery. The pattern-room was filled with one of the most complete sets of models in the kingdom, and contained models of nearly all the yachts and steam-engines of the Viceroy of Egypt. The whole of these were destroyed. The damage is estimated at from £10,000 to £15,000.

On Monday afternoon an inquest was opened by Dr. Lankester, at the board room of the Marylebone workhouse, upon the body of Joseph Duck. The coroner said that as the body had been identified he would only take the evidence of the constable who found the deceased lying in the street, and that of the surgeon who saw him at the workhouse. The police had stated that it was desirable the case should be adjourned as they had received important information upon which to act. James Crowley, police-constable 229 D, stated that about ten minutes after one on Friday morning he was in Little Chesterfield-street, when he heard some one speaking in a low voice. He went a short distance further, and saw the deceased lying in front of the house No. 5, in the same street. He spoke to him, and asked what was the matter. He made some reply, but so incoherently that he could not be understood. He attempted to assist the deceased to rise, he having taken hold of Crowley's cape whilst on his knees trying to get up. A constable happened to pass by the end of the street, and with his assistance the deceased was got to the station. It was not possible to understand anything he said. He saw a good deal of blood on the pavement. His head was resting against the boarding where he was found. Mr. William Francis Fuller, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and resident medical officer of the Marylebone workhouse, deposed that shortly before three on the Friday morning the deceased was brought to the infirmary, apparently suffering from concussion of the brain, and intoxicated. He seemed partially stunned. He talked in a rambling manner. When brought into the infirmary he was so violent that the nurses had to "shoot" him—that is, they had to wind sheets round his arms, body, and legs, to prevent him from getting out of bed. Afterwards he went to sleep till eight in the morning, when he awoke in strong convulsions, paralyzed in the right side. The medical gentleman then described the nature of the wounds which were at the back of the deceased's head. In reply to the foreman of the jury, Mr. Fuller said the deceased repeatedly asked for two sovereigns. Dr. Lankester said at this stage of the proceedings an adjournment would be requisite but it would be as well to ask Mr. Fuller his "deliberate opinion as to the cause of the wounds on the deceased's head." Mr. Fuller said a fall could not have caused such injuries to the skull; they had been produced by a blow from some second person. The inquest was then adjourned.

THE KING OF DENMARK.

The frontispiece of this week's number of the *Penny Illustrated Weekly News* is an equestrian portrait of Christian, King of Denmark, the father of the Princess of Wales and of the King of Greece.

A NEW YORK TRAGEDY.

[From the *New York Times*, February 23.]

It seems that Mr. Frederick Eicheler, a German, residing in New York, some months ago proposed to a young German widow. The only obstacle to be encountered was the fact that Eicheler had then a wife living somewhere in this country. He assured the widow that for good reasons he had commenced a suit for divorce against his wife, and that there was an excellent prospect of a speedy and favourable result. In that event the marriage was to take place at once. The lady's delay rendered the fair widow impatient, and when a fellow-countryman named John Maen, proposed for her hand and hand she consented to become his wife, and five weeks ago they were married. Since that time the husband and wife have resided at 60, Division-street. When Eicheler became cognizant of this fact, he was at first highly indignant, and subsequently very gloomy and despondent. Last Wednesday morning he visited the place, and had an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Maen. He told the latter that he did not care to live any longer now that she was the wife of another. Late the following evening Eicheler returned to Maen's residence, and said that he was going to enlist in the army the next day, and had come to bid them both good bye. He took out his pocket book and offered some money to Mr. Maen, at the same time urging the latter to go out and get two bottles of wine, with which to take a parting drink. Maen declined to go for the wine, and Eicheler thereupon went for it himself. Subsequent events showed that Eicheler's motive was to get Maen out of the room, and during his absence to murder the wife. This is the only conclusion to which one can come, judging from what immediately followed. He returned with two bottles of wine and three tumblers. In each of the tumblers he had secretly placed a quantity of arsenic. Wine was poured into the tumblers, and all the persons engaged in the affair drank of it. Maen was, however, suspicious that all was not right, and drank very sparingly of the liquid. Eicheler was noticed to be very much excited during the drinking of the wine, and left hurriedly immediately after. Mrs. Maen soon became alarmingly ill and remained so for many hours. Just as Eicheler was leaving Maen's rooms he suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket, placed the muzzle near Maen's head and fired. He missed his aim, and the ball lodged in a wall behind his intended victim. This was late on Wednesday night last. The next we learn about Eicheler is that he was found dead on Friday in his room at Clark's Hotel. Death was the result of arsenic or some other poison. It is the opinion of the doctor, from all the circumstances of the case, that deceased died on Wednesday night.

FEARFUL CALAMITY AT SHEFFIELD.—HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE DROWNED.

At a little before midnight on March 11 one of those terrific disasters to which nearly all the great towns in the north of England are more or less exposed happened at Sheffield. The great reservoir of the Sheffield Water Company—a reservoir nearly 10 acres in extent, and which held more than a million cubic feet of water, suddenly burst its embankment and swept with the fury of another Deluge down the narrow gorge formed by the Loxley and Stanington Hills into Sheffield itself. Almost before warning could be given the volume of waters began rushing headlong down the valley, sweeping farms and houses, forges and factories, like chaff before it. Never, probably, before has an accident of the same kind occurred so ruinous in its wholesale destruction of property, so lamentably fatal in the loss of human life. Whatever the sudden and tremendous flood could reach it seems to have destroyed, and, calculating only by the number of houses swept away and the persons missing who were known to have been in them on the fatal night, there is every reason to fear that the lives sacrificed by this awful calamity will not be less than 300, if they do not unfortunately exceed even that number. Of the damage done to property it is impossible to form even a conjecture. The devastation in this respect is unparalleled. A large, populous, and thriving district has been almost obliterated from the earth, scarce more than traces of the houses and factories that once stood there now remaining.

Those who are acquainted with the neighbourhood of Sheffield know that at a considerable elevation above the town, on the Little Matlock side, in the nook where the Loxley and Stanington Hills join, the great reservoirs of the Sheffield Water Company are placed. In this part of the country, between five and six miles from Sheffield, the reservoirs form such picturesque accessories to the surrounding hills that no one who has once seen them will easily forget them, while, on the other hand, those who have once seen them will understand at the very mention of their name how destructive must have been their bursting into the steep valley which they overlooked, and which led direct into the lower parts of Sheffield.

The Bradford reservoir which gave way so fatally was of immense length, though narrow in width, and would hold 114,000,000 cubic feet of water when it was full; but it is said it was not quite full on the Friday. Ominous reports had been current as to the state of the embankment, which is of enormous depth and thickness, and was thought to be of commensurate strength. Its appearance of massive solidity was, however, belied by the facts. About nine on the Friday night, after the engineers in charge had left, a farm labourer, crossing the embankment as a short cut across the valley, noticed a crack in it. He at once gave an alarm, and ran down the valley to recall the engineers (Mr. Gunson and another gentleman), and he succeeded in overtaking them. They returned, but thought the crack of little importance; in a short time, however, other signs presented themselves, and they attempted to blow up a weir that crossed the dam at one end, in order to allow the water to escape. While the men were engaged in laying the charge, Mr. Gunson and his companion went to the fissure and crossed it. Mr. Gunson had scarcely got clear, when the fissure widened to a tremendous crevasse, and a portion of the embankment 110 yards long by 70 feet deep, gave way at once, and the "world of water" rushed, with a prodigious roar, into the valley below. The enormous mass burst down the hill-sides with a din like the heaviest thunder, and the unhappy cottiers in the valley were drowned instantaneously in their houses, from which they had not the slightest chance of escape.

The full fury of the flood spent itself on the district lying between the junction of the Loxley and the Rivelin and the Neepsend bridge. The scene of devastation there is awful. Solid and substantial buildings, workshops, rows of houses, bridges, everything that opposed the course of the flood, yielded before its overwhelming might. All were whelmed beneath the mighty rush of the waters. But the loss of property, incalculable as it is at present, sinking into insignificance when compared with the awful loss of human life. Persons who are familiar with the district will know that between Hillsborough-bridge and Malin-bridge there stood several long rows of cottage houses, inhabited by the workmen of the mills and forges on the adjacent streams with their families. With a few exceptions, the flood has wholly demolished all these rows of dwellings. In many instances even their foundations are obliterated. Standing at the junction of the Loxley and the Rivelin are only a few scattered houses, the walls and windows burst in by the flood, standing to mark the site of the once populous village. The enormous volume of water debouching from the gorge at the foot of Loxley valley seems to have divided itself into two streams, which swept with resistless force over the hamlets of Malin-bridge and Hillsborough. The bridges that formerly crossed the stream have been swept away to their foundation stones. Turning towards Sheffield and commencing a brief exploration of the ruins showed that the tidings of disaster failed to represent the full extent of the dreadful catastrophe. Whole families were swept away with their dwellings, and not a trace remained of the thriving and industrious artisans who sought their beds on the Friday night, unconscious of the dreadful fate that has so suddenly befallen them.

A large upon a headland near the junction of the two streams was swept away with all its heavy machinery, and two men who were working at the hammers were among the first victims. The volume of water there seems to have entirely swept away one row of cottages, and destroyed the back wall of another row, leaving only the front wall and some portions of the flooring in a precarious state. Among the first of the houses that fell was the Stag public-house, kept by a person named Armistead. The family numbered eleven persons, and they are all drowned. On the headland above named was a farm house inhabited by a family named Trickett. The house was swept away with all its occupants, who are stated to have numbered ten or eleven persons. The farm premises, with fourteen milch cows, was also carried away by the flood. Not a vestige of the homestead remains. Near to the house lived a Mr. Price, a shopkeeper, whose household, including his son and daughter-in-law, numbered six persons, all of whom are drowned. It is said that in this row of houses there was a woman who had been but two days confined. The infant was washed out of her arms and the mother was found dead in the road among part of the ruins. In one of the detached houses near this row lived a family named Spooner. With them lived an old man seventy-four years of age, named William Wostenholm, the father of Mrs. Spooner. There were ten in the family, and not one of them survives. Near the spot on the Saturday was a little boy, a grandson of Wostenholm, who was weeping bitterly and seeking in vain to discover even a vestige of the house where his relatives had lived. The next row of houses, called Bower's-buildings, are very strongly built, and, though they are greatly injured, they have been saved from utter destruction. But the condition of the walls of many of the houses testifies to the force with which the water dashed past. In some instances the inmates, who were, of course, in bed, were compelled to remain in the upper rooms for several hours before they could be released. One of the houses that was destroyed was occupied by a man named Grouper and his wife and two children. They were all drowned, and their bodies swept away. Near to their house was one occupied by an old man and his grandson. The old man saved himself by escaping to the garret, but his grandson was jammed by some of the furniture in a corner of the stairs and was drowned almost within

reach of his relative. William Watson lived in one of the same row of houses with his wife and two children. The flood demolished their house and carried them out, but Watson, as he was being whirled along on the surface of the torrent, contrived to grasp a broken window-frame in one of the partially submerged houses, and was saved, but his wife and children are lost. A public-house, kept by George Baby, was partially demolished, only one of the bedrooms and the back kitchen remaining. Baby, his wife, and four children are gone. Next are a row of houses called the "brick row." Down both front and back of these houses the flood had raged in all its fury. The mud upon the houses showed that the waters had risen from sixteen to eighteen feet above the roadway. The first house of the row was tenanted by a man named Dyson, his wife, and children, and one or two relatives. They were ten in number, but only one of them is saved. The survivor is Dyson's brother, and he escaped in a very remarkable manner. He was sleeping in the top bedroom, and being awakened by the rush of the water, and finding escape into the road cut off, he smashed a portion of the lath and plaster partition, made his way to the joists beneath the roof, and then broke through the slates and got upon the roof, where he remained till assistance could be given to him. In the back of the last house of this row two children named Atkin-on were swept out of their bedroom along with the bed on which they were lying and were drowned. In the next two houses resided two families named Turner and one named Taplin. The Hillsborough Inn had a narrow escape from total demolition. The Shakespeare Inn across the road suffered to a similar extent. The passages were several feet deep in mud, and at the parlour door, roughly stretched upon a wooden bier, was the naked corpse of a man which had been dug out of the mud and rubbish opposite the house. In a stable attached to the Yew Tree Inn were six corpses—three women and three men. They were laid upon stretchers just as they had been dug out of the mud or dragged from out of the hedges, or beneath trunks of great trees or beams of timber that had been whirled down the current. In the bed which one branch of the current had made for itself behind the Hillsborough Inn we saw the bodies of a man and a woman whom there had not been time to get out. The body of the man was partially buried, the woman was laid beneath the bank. She had on her drawers and one stocking. She had clung with convulsive tenacity to a piece of plank, but it had proved insufficient to save her.

Leaving Hillsborough, and turning down towards Owlerton, the destruction appeared to be on an equally awful scale. A number of cottage houses were completely washed away, and a thick deposit of mud concealed the well-kept gardens that had been the pride of the cottagers. Almost every house that remained in a habitable condition was used as a dead house. At every turning were to be met parties of policemen and volunteers, bearing each a ghastly burden. In the public-house kept by Mr. Holland were five dead bodies. In the Victoria, further on the Owlerton road, there were four, which during our brief stay there were increased to seven. In a stable attached to a beerhouse were two bodies; in another, stable, upon heaps of straw, three mangled forms were laid out. On the road side, beyond the Victoria, were one or two bodies, which would be "dug out" when the labourers had time to attend to them. In the stream there we saw the mangled body of a girl about ten years of age, which had been apparently cut in two by a heavy piece of timber with machinery attached to it. Close by the searchers discovered the mangled body of a man in a muddy pool. It was removed to one of the inns. In the same street, at one and the same moment, we met three parties of bearers, each carrying a dead body.

On the Sheffield side of the stream seven or eight bodies were recovered, and were taken to the Queen's Hotel. The force of the current may be estimated by the fact that the massive wall bounding the barracks on the lower side was swept away. The flood invaded the quarters of the sergeants, and two of the infant children of Paymaster-Sergeant Foulds were drowned in their bed. The sentry at the gate had the narrowest possible escape, the flood coming upon him with lightning suddenness.

The following is the description given by the *Sheffield Telegraph* of the appearance of the flooded district on Sunday:—

The appearance of the streets in this district on Sunday was that of some of the baseliest thoroughfares of the metropolis. Thousands of persons poured in from all parts of the country, and vehicles of all descriptions, from a brougham to a mere donkey-cart, were employed to convey the spectators over the mud. Omnibuses also ran from the town "To Hillsborough and the ruins," and countless were the passengers who availed themselves of them. From Bridgehouses, through the narrow lanes to Harvest-lane, poured one continuous stream of persons of all grades of society. The lane at the commencement is very wide, and at one side lay the carcasses of eleven powerful dray horses belonging to Messrs. Faulkner, carriers, and by their side twice the number of cows. A little further on there was a pile of about twenty pigs, which had been drawn from the mud in the neighbourhood. Wading through the slime and water, which lay several inches deep, we came to the manufactories, the cellars of which have a fathom of water in them. Great damage has been done in the yards, boiler plant being undermined, the beds of the heavy Nasmyth's hammers several inches below their former level, the water having licked the earth from under them. Passing into Mowbray-street, an immense cauldron obstructs the carriage way, having been carried from nobody knows where. Bounding this we come into Neepsend, and observe that the water has not yet subsided, it still being like an immense lake. The stone bridge was now being fast approached, and the crowds of people congregated upon it watching the timber which is piled up high above the piers beyond comparison. Carts and drays conveying the mud-besmeared furniture from different houses were constantly crossing and re-crossing the bridge, the owners seeking a drier and more cleanly habitation. Again, wading through the narrow street from the bridge to the tan-yard, we came to the once well-cultivated gardens—the pride of many a working man who had the good fortune to be possessed of an allotment—now one vast bed of mud. Many may be seen removing the heaps of bricks—the remnants of the small but neat whitewashed cottages that are dotted here and there, which dazzled the eye when reflected by a summer's sun—thinking that underneath might be found the body of some unfortunate relative; and others shovelling away a portion of the mud with the same object. Leaving this scene of desolation, we retrace our steps, and crossing the bridge, we come on to the Penistone-road; and plodding with the crowd through the mud, ankle deep, till we got a short distance above the Philadelphia Corn-mill, and looking across the dam, we see the ruins of a large outbuilding which had fallen during the previous night. On the other side of the road the house cellars are still under water, and many are the gable ends which have fallen during the night. The same wild, desolate look pervades the flat land on the opposite side when viewed from a point higher up the road. Nothing more than we stated on Saturday has happened as far as the barracks, and from this point to Malin-bridge a detachment of soldiers are posted to protect the proper lying about, and not before it was needed, for the "roughs and spoilers" were already there.

THE INUNDATION IN SHEFFIELD.

In the town of Sheffield itself the destruction of property has been almost greater than in the valley, but there, fortunately, it has been attended with comparatively little loss of life. The *Sheffield Telegraph* states that—

"In the town the first alarm was given at about a quarter past twelve. The sharp hiss as of escaping steam, the sound as of a mighty rush of water, made people run towards the river, when it was found that the Don was in an extraordinary flood, and that some dreadful calamity had occurred. At two o'clock the height

and force of the current had greatly abated. There was still a great volume of water, and the roar with which it rushed along was like that of an express train in a cutting. On Lady's-bridge a great number of people were standing looking over the parapets on the fearful heaps of timber mixed with straw and other debris which the flood had piled up against the masonry work of the bridge. The immense quantity of rafters, flooring, joists, planks, and miscellaneous articles heaped to within a few feet of the top of the bridge told a portentous story of buildings destroyed, and melancholy were the forebodings of those who looked upon the ruin. There seemed wood enough to build a village. But, bad as were the fears of those who looked upon the evidences of disaster, none knew how dreadful was the reality, and the majority had not the most distant idea of the loss of life that had occurred. At the police-station was a little crowd of poor ill-dressed people who had been flooded out of their dwellings, and who were glad to spend the night crouching round the fire; and in the streets were several people moving about hastily with torches which they had improvised. But as yet, beyond the sight of wet people and wet streets, and beyond the roar of the river, and those ominous, but as yet unexplained, heaps of timber about the bridge, there was nothing known among the crowd of the loss of life, and the spectators fondly hoped that the mass of wood might prove to be nothing but the contractor's plant, increased by rubbish swept from off the banks of the river.

In the darkness one could only guess, from the fearful rumours that came from the lower part of the town, what the scene there would be at daylight. The morning of Saturday fully realized the worst fears of the night. The wooden bridge at Hillfoot had disappeared—completely carried away by the first rush of water, and with a noise that startled the sleepers around, who sprang from their beds with alarm. The view from their windows did not tend to reassure them, for the flood was all around, boiling and seething along, filling the houses, rushing up the stairs floating the beds and furniture. The screams and cries for help are described as heartrending. Just below the bridge, by the weir, stood a small house, occupied by James Sharman and his wife, who attended to the shuttle of the goat that supplies Messrs. Butcher's works at Philadelphia. Against this house the full force of the current broke. The inmates were Sharman, his wife, and a daughter-in-law, with several children. The watermen aroused them when the water began to rise, and they hastily left their dwelling. Scarcely had they been out of the house a minute when the current carried it away, and now not a vestige of the place remains, except the foundation. The bridge over the goat went along with the house. At Philadelphia corn-mill, which stands close to the water's edge, a number of horses were drowned in their stables, pigs in their sties, and fowls on their roost. Crossing to Bacon's Island, a low-lying piece of ground between the goat and the river, the only access to which is now the narrow plank of the shuttle frame, we came at once into what had evidently been the very heart of the flood in this part of the valley. Gardens were covered deep in slime. Trees, hedges, and walls were levelled with the ground. The flood rose to the chambers and floated the inmates in their beds.

In Messrs. Butcher's works at Philadelphia, the body of a woman, perfectly naked, was found, and it was believed that a whole family living near Neepsend-bridge had been washed away. In Ebenezer-street the body of a man, rather under the middle height, with a moustache, was found and conveyed to a public-house in Bowling-green-street. At Kelham rolling-mill the men were compelled to escape by the roof, and in so doing managed by some means to set it on fire. When the flood had reached its height the water rapidly subsided, leaving the marks of its presence in the streets, which were in many places knee-deep in mud. Almost before they were passable persons sallied from their houses, and the evil news spread quickly. The streets of the town were thronged with persons hurrying to different parts, anxious to inquire into the fate of friends living near the level of the river. While the darkness lasted little could be learnt from observation, but voices were heard shouting greetings over the wastes of mud and water, and eagerly inquiring how others had fared in the calamity. One had heard the first rush, and sprang out of bed to see the street filled with water. Another had been sleeping on the ground floor and heard a rush of water. He awoke his companion, who thought it rained hard. No, it could not be rain, the rush was too great for that. The bed moved—it was wet—he put out his foot, and found himself up to the knees in cold water. Such incidents might be multiplied indefinitely. It needs only to be known that at the dead of night a great dark flood flowed through a densely populated part of the town, rousing the sleepers from their beds, and only too frequently drowning them like rats in a hole. The horrors of that Friday night are known in the hearts of thousands, but can never be told.

The destruction of property all over the low-lying neighbourhood round the Midland Station has been enormous. This portion of the town was for a time completely inundated. All the large manufacturers are believed to have suffered great loss, and the small householders are mostly ruined. The loss of property is bad enough, but the loss of life is of course the chief cause of regret here. Aroused from their sleep in the dead of the night, the poor people, perhaps only half awake, seem to have made their way at once into the streets, and were swept away instantly.

Several bodies recovered were partially dressed, while others were entirely naked, their clothing having been literally torn from their bodies by the violence of the stream. Carried away by the furious current, several bodies had been found in most extraordinary places—two having been washed among the carriages in the Midland Station.

The cast-iron bridge leading from the Crofts to Nursery-street has been entirely demolished, not a vestige remaining. The extreme force of the current at this point may be judged from the fact that before reaching the iron bridge the current would have been considerably weakened by first coming in contact with the Corporation-bridge. But in spite of everything, buttresses, railing, and pavement have all been swept away like mere timber, and carried to an enormous distance down the river. The water dashed over the wall on the Nursery-street side, actually tearing along with it the stout iron railings and the stones in which they were set. Large masses were driven across the street a distance of eight yards, while others were broken into fragments and several gas-lamps thrown down. The buildings on the opposite side of the street were considerably damaged, and will require rebuilding in some instances. The entire front of the Manchester Railway Hotel was broken in. Several low buildings on the water's edge, near the Nursery corn-mill, were swept entirely away, and a number of horses, pigs, &c., with them. As is nearly always the case in these great public calamities, it is the poorest districts of the town only which have suffered. No accurate return can yet be made of the injuries which the workshops and forges of the great manufacturers in this part of the town have sustained, but from the enormous solidity of all their plant little more than temporary inconvenience is likely to have been occasioned by the water.

From various other sources we gather the following:—

At Lower Bradfield it is wonderful how the unfortunate creatures managed to escape. In the energy of despair holes were knocked in the roofs by bedposts, and children handed through, shivering in the night wind. Some personal accidents occurred, the chief being the fall of a woman, named Oaks, from the top of a roof. Those who were providentially preserved remained for twenty minutes in momentary fear of being the next victims, but the flood subsided in about half an hour. The bed of the valley from this point is strewn with timber, iron machinery, rocks, trees, and debris of all kinds, and opposite the houses last mentioned, the large main pipe

which was to convey the water to Sheffield has been completely severed, and the fragments taken far away. In this locality a small stone bridge was washed down. So early as six o'clock on the Friday evening the occupants of a row of houses, in which several families lived at this place, were informed of the crack in the embankment, but were assured there was no danger. In fancied security all of them went to bed but William Ibbotson, who, apprehensive of danger, sat up. About midnight he heard what he describes as a "terrible rush." At first he imagined it was the wind, which was blowing strong, but on listening he found that the waters in impetuous fury, and with a roar like thunder, were rushing down the valley. Instantly he alarmed his neighbours; the houses they occupied, being built upon the side of the hill, were fortunately not carried away, but were inundated in the lower rooms to the height of a man. Here the first of the many painful incidents of this fearful calamity happened. One of the houses is occupied by Mr. Dawson, a tailor, and his wife and family. Mrs. Dawson had been confined but two days, and when the alarm was given her husband, being fearful that they should be flooded in the house, took her upon his back to carry her to a place of greater safety. The newly-born infant was clasped in its mother's arms, and, as Mr. Dawson was leaving by the cottage door, the waters met him, and in her alarm the mother dropped her unconscious babe, which was swept away and drowned.

At Damflask a whole wood in the valley has disappeared, to say nothing of haystacks and cattle-folds. At the Old Wheel, one of those tilting forges which are numerous in the locality, some persons were working at the time the dam burst. The flood enveloped the workshop before the lads at the forge could get away through the doors. One of them climbed hand over hand up a tilting pole and escaped through the roof; a second got out by another aperture; while a third, a lad aged fourteen, has not since been seen. It is believed that he is beneath the ruins. Here another addition was made to the dead, resulting entirely from the stubborn conduct of the party most interested. A public-house, occupied by Jonathan Ibbotson, the dwelling-houses of Thomas Kirk, Henry Horsfield, and Joseph Walton, a blacksmith's shop, and one or two other small buildings, were destroyed, but the inmates were saved, with one exception. This was a navvy called "Sheffield Harry," who lodged at Kirk's house. He was roused by the inmates, and informed that the reservoir was about to burst. He said he did not care, and would not get up. Presently the water began to pour down the valley, and "Sheffield Harry" was again called. The men shouted, and the women screamed with fear, but the stupid man said he didn't care, and in a moment the house fell and he was carried with the debris down the stream and drowned.

At Owlerton, in the early dawn of morning, men and women laden with articles of clothing and furniture, which they had stolen, were to be seen in every direction. In this neighbourhood are handsome infantry barracks, built on the hill side, with parade and drill grounds, surrounded by a high wall. They are at present occupied by the 1st Battalion of the 8th King's. The roar of the flood was heard by the sentry at the lower barracks as he paced to and fro between the outer wall of the yard and the barrack itself. When the rush of water came he struggled to the entrance, but before he could escape the flood struck the angle of the court-yard wall, which was broken down, and the sentry, as he struggled up the stone steps into the barracks, was covered with mud, the force of the flow of which nearly cost him his life. It was a narrow escape that he had; he had just had time to give an alarm. In the married men's quarters in the corner room slept a soldier, his wife, and two children, a boy and a girl. They were roused by the alarm from the sentry, and started up in their beds; the children were drowned, the parents dragged out only half alive. At the door of a stable, where thirteen bodies were laid, people in search of relatives became angry because the police refused to allow them to go in. In the course of the morning many had entered who had lost relatives, but none were recognised; and so great was the terror of those who had pressed in, that it became absolutely necessary to close the doors against all. The police were unable to protect all the places that required attention. There were houses broken open, the furniture lying in heaps, and the inmates drowned.

A special correspondent at Sheffield writes as follows:—

"Perhaps the most distressing scene that could be witnessed in connexion with this fearful catastrophe took place yesterday morning at the Sheffield workhouses. About ten a.m. a crowd of persons assembled outside the building anxiously soliciting permission to view the bodies of the unfortunate victims there laid out, for the purpose of recognising, if possible, some missing friend or relative. Through the courtesy of one of the officials of the institution we were enabled to view the bodies, and to be present as various parties passed through the building on their mournful errand, which in many instances was but too successful. The scene was one that defies description, and will not readily be forgotten by any one who witnessed it, for in five of the one buildings no less than ninety-nine corpses were laid out, the majority of them retaining the position in which they were when death overtook them. Water alone was not the agent of their destruction, for falling houses, trees, and stones aided in the horrible work. Many of the bodies are terribly crushed and bruised; but on the whole the countenances of the sufferers were a singularly placid expression, not in any way indicating a violent death. No more than one in ten exhibited the marked symptoms of asphyxia by drowning, as described by medical authors on the subject—viz., a livid colour of the face, the tongue protruding and generally wounded by the teeth, a frothy discharge from the mouth and nose, the eyelids half closed and the pupils dilated. Quite the reverse seems to be the case with the majority of these poor sufferers, for the general appearance of the bodies is that of sound sleep, the lips and cheeks retaining still the rosy freshness of life, the mouth slightly opened, and a smile upon the face as though some pleasant dream were passing through the mind. The children particularly seem as though they were quite unconscious of anything having occurred to disturb their repose, and convert the sleep of health and innocence into one of horror and death. In one room lay stretched, side by side, a man and his wife, lying upon whose breast was their little one, but a few days old. In one room lay an aged couple whose lives were apparently cut short but a very little earlier than had Nature run her appointed course. In another place there were three little children of one family, a most touching sight, lying as though buried in the soundest slumbers, clasped in each other's arms. The conduct of Mr. Jackson, the chief constable, was in the highest degree commendable. As soon as information of the calamity reached him he mounted his horse, and rode into the inundated districts, at great personal risk, to render assistance, and to give directions to the police and others. In the Wicker the water was so high that it reached his knees as he sat in the saddle. The courage he displayed, the valuable assistance he succeeded in rendering, and the fears he allayed, entitle him to the warmest praise. Knowing that Neepsend would, from its position, suffer greatly, he rode there as quickly as possible, and the state of things he found there might well have dismayed him. Rutland-street, which runs from the Penistone-road to Neepsend-lane, and thence whole district at both ends of the street, were one sheet of turbulent water, and the bridge which crosses the river could not be distinguished. In order to aid those on the Neepsend side Mr. Jackson rode through the water, though the battlements of the bridge being nearly down, he was almost unable to distinguish which was the water covering the streets and which the river. By the exercise of great determination and daring he succeeded in reaching Neepsend-lane, and there he heard screams and cries of the most pitiable character. He saw a man wearing a lan-

tern at a window and crying lustily for help, but the current being at that point very strong he could not get near him. When he reached the houses he looked into many of them, and seeing in one three, and in another two dead bodies, he exhorted the people to keep to their upper rooms, and not to attempt to escape from them, hurried for further help, and the water soon afterwards considerably subsiding, it was enabled to reach them. During the whole of Saturday and yesterday Mr. Jackson was unremitting in his exertions, and the admirable arrangements which he made for the guidance of the vast crowds who visited the scene of the disaster had the effect of preserving order and of preventing the occurrence of accidents. From all quarters I hear of carriages and provisions sent for the relief of the sorrowing sufferers; but Hall-shire alone must not bear the brunt of the succours as well as the agency of this fearful calamity. Mr. Haddfield has given £500; the Mayor, £200; his firm, £100; eight others, £10; three firms £100. Those firms whose property has been damaged have formed a committee to conduct litigation against the water works company. In the last Act of Parliament of this company there is a sweeping and binding clause to refund all damage caused by the diminution of water or other causes. There is no doubt of the liability of the company for material damage, and it is said it will be a question of law whether the friends of the victims will not have their remedy."

FETE OF ST. JOSEPH AT PARIS.

THE 19th of March is a great day for the carpenters of Paris. St. Joseph is their patron, and on this day the whole craft, or brotherhood, form a grand procession to do honour to their tutelary saint. Our illustration on page 629 is a representation in wood of the Temple of Solomon, to which the carpenters trace their origin as a brotherhood. This model is borne on the shoulders of the workmen, who are continually relieved, to and from mass. After this the brotherhood partake of a banquet, succeeded by a ball, which, it need scarcely be added, is invariably kept up with great animation.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

In the House of Lords on Monday, Earl Granville announced that the house would adjourn on Friday till the 6th of April, for the Easter recess. Lord Derby asked Lord Wodehouse whether anything passed at the interview between him and Mr. Hall, the chief of the late Danish Government, more than the conversation described in the report sent by the noble lord from Copenhagen. Lord Wodehouse explained that when he stated to Mr. Hall his belief that nothing the Danish Government could do would arrest the course taken by the German Powers, he alluded to the execution in Holstein ordered by the Diet. It was impossible he could have given any opinion as to ulterior measures. Lord Campbell asked what construction the Government put on a declaration by Prince Gortschakoff, contained in a despatch from St. Petersburg, published in the Danish and German correspondence. Prince Gortschakoff had stated that Austria, Prussia, Russia, and England "were now thinking and acting in harmony on a question still more important than that of Schleswig and Holstein." Lord Granville thought the allusion was to an agreement supposed to exist between the four Governments not to take part in the plan of a general European Congress. But, as to England, he stated that no agreement or combination of any kind had been entered into that could be considered as displaying the slightest hostile feeling towards France. In the House of Commons a new writ was ordered for the election of a member for Armagh, in place of Mr. Close, resigned. Sir G. Grey informed the house that a civil engineer had been appointed by the Government to assist the local authorities of Sheffield in an investigation of the circumstances connected with the terrible calamity in that neighbourhood. Mr. Roebuck asked whether the Government intended to remonstrate with the Government of the Federal States upon the employment by them of agents in Ireland for the purpose of enlisting as soldiers her Majesty's subjects, and accompanied the question with a heavy censure on the foreign policy of Earl Russell. Lord Palmerston said it was vain for Mr. Roebuck to attempt to select a single member of the Government and hold him up to public obloquy. Earl Russell was the organ of the Government in all its communications with foreign Powers, but he took no step without concert with his colleagues, and he (Lord Palmerston) was equally responsible with him for every step he had taken. The Government had declared their intention to observe a strict neutrality in the contest going on in America, and they had done so; but there was a difference in the position of the two belligerent parties, and a difficulty in dealing with enlistment of men which did not exist in the same degree in respect to ships. There might be agents in the employ of the Federal Government endeavouring to enlist men to go to America; but the difficulty was to obtain evidence. Her Majesty's Government had remonstrated on the subject, as would appear in the papers laid before the house, and prosecutions had been instituted, and there would be no backwardness on their part in vindicating the honour of the country.

A SQUABBLE IN COURT.

At the Exeter Assizes, before Baron Bramwell, Margaret Jane Harrison, a girl thirteen years of age, was charged with having committed wilful and corrupt perjury at Hinton, on the 22nd of October. Mr. Carter and Mr. Turner prosecuted; and Mr. Coleridge, Q.C., and Mr. Bore defended the prisoner. The prosecutor, Mr. Poole, is a schoolmaster living at Hinton, and the prisoner was a pupil of his. She alleged that he had taken liberties with her whilst giving her her lesson, and a prosecution was instituted against Mr. Poole, and he was tried and acquitted. The statements which Miss Harrison made with reference to Mr. Poole were alleged to be false, and on these the charge of perjury was based. Mr. Coleridge made a very eloquent address to the jury in defence of the prisoner, and his lordship having summed up,

The jury acquitted the prisoner. During the hearing of the case Mr. Carter made a personal attack on Mr. Coleridge, the learned counsel for the defence, and in a previous case the following scene occurred:—

The judge: You have no right to make that statement, Mr. Carter.

Mr. Carter: You have no right to interrupt in this way. The judge: I have the right, for you are stating that which is incorrect.

Mr. Carter: I have it on my notes. The judge: Hear me out, sir. You, sir, know that the only binding record of what a witness says is what appears on the judge's notes, and I have not got it down.

Mr. Carter (sharply): Then you ought to have it down. The judge: If you repeat that expression to me I'll send you out of court, sir.

Mr. Carter: You're at liberty to do it. The judge: Behave yourself decently, or you shall be sent out. Mr. Carter: Your lordship has no right to address me in this way.

The judge: I have the right, and shall exercise it very unpleasantly for you, perhaps.

Mr. Carter: You may exercise the power; but I don't know whether you have the right or not. I protest against being interrupted and addressed in this manner.

The judge: Go on with your address, and conduct yourself properly.

Mr. Carter then continued his address to the jury.

THE LATE MAXIMILIAN II, KING OF BAVARIA.

THIS monarch, whose portrait we here give, died at Munich, on the morning of Thursday, March 10th. On the Wednesday afternoon previous the King was attacked with acute erysipelas in the left breast, which at once assumed a dangerous character. His Majesty passed a very bad night, and was in such a condition early on the following morning that at five o'clock it was thought necessary to administer extreme unction. The erysipelatous tumour spread rapidly, and a few hours after the last sacrament had been administered the King expired.

Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria, and Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavaria, Franconia, and Suabia, was born on November 28, 1811. His early education was entrusted to Schelling, and he afterwards entered the university of Göttingen, where he remained from 1829 to 1831. He then set out on a visit to Italy, Greece, and other countries. He made a second tour over the same ground between the years 1837 and 1840. In 1830 he was created a major-general in the army, by the King, his father, and appointed councillor of State in 1836; but he carefully abstained from taking part in public matters up to the time he ascended the throne on the abdication of Ludwig, in 1848. The circumstances which led to that abdication are of so unusual a character, and necessarily so intimately connected with the history of the late King, that a retrospective glance may here be taken at them. King Ludwig of Bavaria, father of Maximilian II., was in the early part of his reign a liberal monarch, and very popular with his subjects. About 1830 his political sentiments began to exhibit a decided change; and, from being a liberal monarch in the full sense of the word, he alarmed and disappointed the greater part of his friends and subjects by giving himself up to the influence of the more violent of the Catholic clergy. At length the influence of the priests over the royal mind commenced to decline; but still destined to be the slave of his passions, he gave way to the fascinations of the celebrated Lola Montes, who captivated the heart of the elderly monarch in 1846. Lola Montes, who had been a theatrical dancer, was created Countess of Landsfeld, a revenue of £5,000 per annum being attached to the title. She professed to be the friend of the Liberal party in Bavaria, and showed her sincerity so far as to cause the King to dismiss the Minister Abel, who was entirely devoted to the Ultramontanists. But the scandal of her position



THE LATE MAXIMILIAN II, KING OF BAVARIA.]

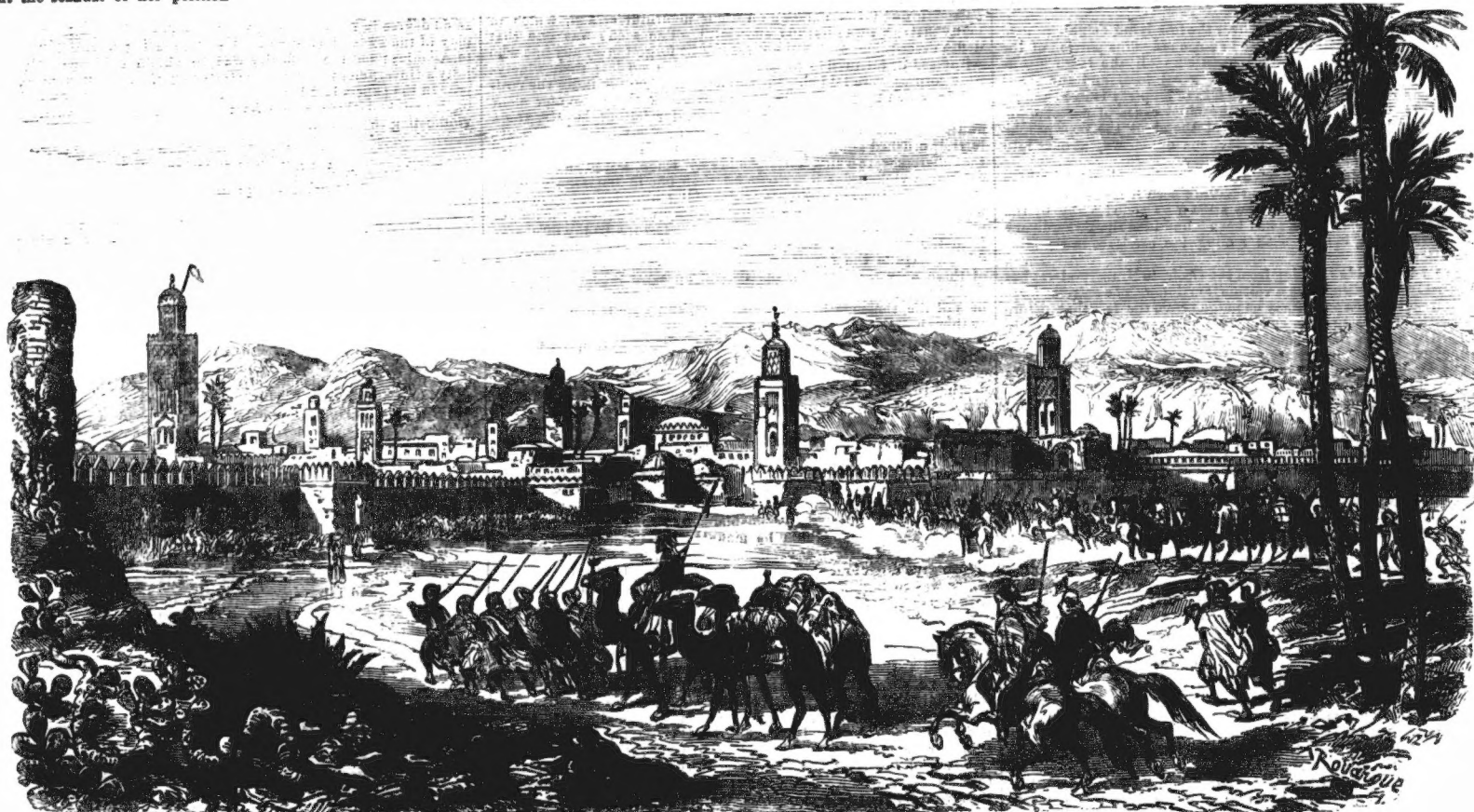
was intolerable to the nation; and, the agitation consequent on the French Revolution of 1848 having spread to Bavaria, the King was forced by the popular clamour to send away his mistress. During the month of February he made several attempts to return to that political conduct which was alone acceptable to the great majority of his subjects; but he could not regain the confidence of his people, and, in March, he abdicated in favour of his eldest son, the sovereign just deceased.

Maximilian commenced his reign by making the most liberal concessions to the popular feelings of the day. He proclaimed a general amnesty for political offences, sanctioned legislative enactments establishing Ministerial responsibility, abolished several abuses, and proclaimed the liberty of the press.

Maximilian married the Princess Frederica of Prussia, by substitute, at Berlin, on October 5th, 1842, and personally at Munich on the 12th of the same month. This lady was the daughter of the late Prince William, the uncle of the present King of Prussia. The issue of the marriage was Prince Ludwig Otho, born in August, 1845; and Prince Otho William, born in April, 1848. The first-named prince succeeds his father on the throne of Bavaria.

VIEW OF MOROCCO.

THE city of Morocco has just been the scene of a terrible disaster, occasioned by an explosion of gunpowder, as represented by our illustration in the next page, occasioning great loss of life and considerable destruction of property. The town of Morocco, the capital of the empire, is beautifully situated on a plain 1,450 feet above the sea. It is surrounded by a strong wall of lime and mud, as will be seen from our engraving below. It is entered by eleven strong double gates. The greater portion of the houses are built of mud and lime, and, generally speaking, are small and only one story high, with central courts and flat roofs. The city has many sanctuaries and mosques; one of these, called El Kontabia, is conspicuous above all by a square tower, 221 feet high, divided into seven storeys, and surmounted by a small lantern. The mosque Beni-Yusef, next in height and age, has an attached college and a saint's tomb, with a cupola delicately wrought in Saracenic tracery. In the north part of the town is the Kaitaria, or bazaar, where the wares, brought from all parts, are exposed. Once a week on the outside of the north gate, is the market for camels, horses, and cattle generally.



VIEW OF MOROCCO.—SCENE OF THE LATE DISASTER.



ANNUAL FETE DAY OF ST. JOSEPH ON THE 17th. (See page 627.)



THE GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION AT MOROCCO. (See page 628.)

THE PEOPLE'S EDITION OF
SHAKSPEARE,
ILLUSTRATED.
TWO COMPLETE PLAYS IN EVERY NUMBER.
ONE PENNY.

No. 1, to be published on Wednesday, April 13th, will contain
"HAMLET" AND "OTHELLO,"
WITH PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE, AND TWO ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

No. 2 to be published on Wednesday, April 20th, will contain
THE "WINTER'S TALE" AND THE "TEMPEST,"
WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS.
ONE PENNY THE TWO PLAYS.

NOTICE.—The whole thirty-seven Plays, with Life and Portrait of the Author, will be complete in Nineteen Penny Numbers. Ask for the People's Edition.

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"SHAKSPEARE" FOR THE MILLIONS.

The celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson very justly observed that "Shakspeare had long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit." His name has become immortal; and his works, as they have descended from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission. The secret of this marvellous success is that Shakspeare is, above all others, the poet of nature, ever holding up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. He has, moreover, united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and in the development of their plot, sometimes produce gravity and sadness, and sometimes merriment and laughter. Thus, throughout all time, must the popularity of Shakspeare endure; and the fame of the Bard of Avon will go down to the latest posterity. At this present moment, especially, is the image of the poet in every mind, and his name upon every tongue. The month of April, now at hand, marks the three hundredth anniversary of his birth. The event is to be celebrated in diverse ways in different places;—but it would appear as if the most becoming and suitable method of commemoration in this case would be the placing of the poet's works within the reach of the great masses of the population.

AN EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE

FOR THE MILLIONS;

to be got up in the most elegant style, and issued at the cheapest possible price.
In fulfilment of this design, the Public are respectfully informed that on Wednesday, April 13 the First Number will be ready for delivery, Price One Penny. It will consist of sixty-four pages of letter-press, and two engravings, and contain

**HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK;
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.**

This number will be offered as a specimen of those which are to follow. The entire work, comprising the whole thirty-seven Plays, will be completed in eighteen numbers, Price One Penny each, thus forming the cheapest and most attractive edition of Shakspeare's dramas ever issued from the press.

No. 1, in illustrated coloured wrapper, with a portrait of the great poet. Price One Penny. Give early orders.
London: JOHN DICKS, No. 313, Strand.

HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

There are few persons who are unacquainted with the name of that great artist, who may have been said to *write* rather than *paint* with the brush; but there are vast numbers to whom his admirable works are completely unknown. That this class of persons should desire to have a knowledge of those master-pieces of art is natural enough; and it is somewhat a matter of astonishment that the spirit of enterprise should not have already placed them within the reach of "the millions." There can be no doubt that the merits of these pictures would be universally appreciated, in the poorest cottages as they have long been in the proudest mansions; and if cheap literature places the works of the great master of dramatic writing in the hands of the humblest purchaser, it assuredly may accomplish the same in respect to the equally great master of dramatic painting. For as SHAKSPEARE stands at the head of one school, so does HOGARTH occupy the loftiest pedestal in the other; and the latter has displayed with the pencil as much versatility of genius as the former has shown with the pen in illustrating the familiar scenes of life.

These few observations are prefatory to the announcement of the immediate publication of a

CHEAP EDITION

OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH;

to be issued in Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Sixpenny Parts.
Each Weekly Number will contain eight large quarto pages, two Pictures, with descriptive letter-press from the pen of one of the most eminent authors of the day.

The Monthly Parts will be issued in illustrated coloured wrappers, and may be sent free by post for an extra penny.

The work will be got up in the handsomest style, no expense being spared to produce engravings worthy of the great originals. A fine paper will be used; and altogether, the volume, when complete, will be a perfect miracle of beauty and of cheapness.

Hogarth's subjects are chosen from common life, amongst all classes of society, in his own country, and in his own time. His style may be characterized as "the satirical,"—the satire being sometimes humorous and comic, sometimes grave, bitter and tragic. His comic-satirical vein may be seen in the Enraged Musician, the March to Finchley, Beer Lane, &c.;—his tragico-satirical vein is exemplified in the Harlot's Progress, the Rake's Progress, Gin Lane, &c. The series of industry and idleness, and of Marriage à la Mode contain pictures in both these veins. In all his works, Hogarth unmercifully chastises and lays bare the vices and weaknesses of mankind, and displays them with the cruellest minuteness. At the same time he never departs so widely from nature as to mar the effect of his composition.

ORDERING.—On Wednesday, April 13th, Number 1 will be issued in an illustrated coloured wrapper, containing the Portrait of Hogarth, and the first two Pictures of the series entitled *Marriage à la Mode*, with four large quarto pages of descriptive letter-press. Price One Penny.
It is particularly requested that intending purchasers will give their orders early to their respective booksellers, and that the booksellers themselves will adopt the proper precaution to ensure an adequate supply, so that no disappointment may be experienced in any quarter.

In small or remote places, where a difficulty arises in obtaining cheap serial publications, any intending purchaser may forward seven postage stamps to the publisher, in order to receive the Monthly Part through the post.

London: JOHN DICKS, No. 313, Strand.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and *Examiner's* Newspaper sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

PUBLISHERS' DISCOUNTS.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 3s. 3d. for the *Examiner's* Edition. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

TRAVELLERS.—The *Times* or *Morning Post*.

D. C. U.—Yes. Your original tenancy stands good. Notice should be given in accordance. Should the party pressed to extremity, on account of there being no will, consult a solicitor. We can refer you to one.

R. W.—The Cavalier poet began in 1644.

F. O.—Not compulsory. All courts allow a defendant to appear in person, if poor.

ROBERT N.—The general register of all marriages submitted either at churches or chapels is kept at Somerset House. It may be searched readily, as the names are arranged alphabetically.

H. F.—Cocking descended in his parachute, and was killed, July 24, 1827.

STEPHEN.—A cousin-german is a first cousin—a cousin descended from the same father or mother.

THE CALAMITY AT SHEFFIELD.

NOTICE.—Next week's Number of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS will contain several

AUTHENTIC ENGRAVINGS,

representing the

PRINCIPAL SCENES AND INCIDENTS

connected with the

FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE.

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

London: J. DICKS, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers.

DORA RIVERSDALE.

A TALE OF SORROW.

This New and Beautiful Story will commence in No. 74 of

BOW BELLS.

The most Popular Illustrated Magazine of the Day. Pronounced by the World and the Public Press to be the Marvel of Cheap Literature. One Penny Weekly; Sixpence Monthly. Send two stamps for a Specimen Copy to

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LOVE AGAINST THE WORLD.

AN ORIGINAL TALE OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Will commence in No. 75 of

BOW BELLS.

The most Popular Illustrated Magazine of the Day. Pronounced by the World and the Public Press to be the Marvel of Cheap Literature. One Penny Weekly; Sixpence Monthly. Send two stamps for a Specimen Copy to

J. DICKS, 313, Strand, London.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
				A. M. P. M.	
19	S	Oxford Term ends	...	11 46	—
20	S	Palm Sunday. Spring begins	...	0 18	0 42
21	M	Robert Southey died, 1844	...	1 5	1 28
22	T	Sun rises 5h. 49m.	...	1 41	1 58
23	W	National Gallery founded, 1824	...	2 13	2 28
24	T	Maundy Thursday	...	2 43	2 59
25	F	GOOD FRIDAY	...	3 18	3 31

Moon's changes.—Full Moon, 23rd, 10h. 24m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Exod. 9; St. Matt. 26.

AFTERNOON.

Exod. 10; Heb. 5 to v. 11.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

SINCE the destruction of the town of Holmfrith by the bursting of the Bilberry dam reservoir, on the 4th of February, 1862, a more destructive calamity has not occurred in England than that which it is our sad duty to record. The great conflagration of Cotton's Wharf, that burst out one Saturday night in June, 1861, wrapping vast wharfs and warehouses in a raging catara of flame, threatening the richest city in the world with sudden ruin, looming like a new fire of London upon the horizon, while trembling gazers twenty miles away knew that millions of treasure lay at the mercy of a breath of wind, drew all the busy and curious world of London at the season when the population of London overflows, thronging to the banks and bridges, and staring day after day, and night after night, at the spreading havoc against which all the organized resources of human skill, and courage, and combination seemed paralyzed and powerless. Yet, to say the truth, after the astonishment and alarm of the first night, a vague feeling of wonder, perhaps even an unconfessed satisfaction at witnessing a scene so memorable, was all that the faces of the most insatiable sight-seers expressed. Fires, and great fires, are common enough in London; this was a fire on an enormous scale; but the warehouses would soon be built up again, the wharves as busy as before, and for the rest—concerned the insurance offices.

When, indeed, in January, 1862, more than two hundred men were buried alive in the Hartley coal pit, a shudder of sorrowing consternation ran through the whole country, from the palace to the remotest cottage in Scotland or Cornwall; large sums were eagerly poured in for the relief of the poor widows and orphans. But coal-pit accidents are also common in this country; and after a time the Hartley catastrophe was remembered as one of many like misfortunes that had happened before and must happen again; and it very soon became a question whether the subscription for the Hartley families should not be the foundation of a permanent fund to provide for the survivors of these constantly recurring accidents in coal mines. Thus it is that familiarity with dangers and disasters the most appalling makes the very words "Fearful Catastrophe" look like the stale and vulgar trick of a compiler of news under difficulties. Last year we were surprised one morning to find that one of those catastrophes which in Southern Europe are so common, had actually visited our island. It was not the first English earthquake, but few remembered any former one; and when the stories of light sleepers shaken in their beds, of clattering windows and groaning wainscots, filled the morning newspapers, the public were somewhat startled to learn from the men of science that England lay within "an earthquake district."

In the catastrophe which we have now to record there are incidents familiar enough to the dwellers in countries visited by frequent earthquakes, and in countries where mighty rivers often overflow their borders. In the south of France inundations are of frequent occurrence—our readers will not have forgotten that terrible one at Lyons a few years since, when the City of London subscribed its thousands for the sufferers. This bursting of the embankment of a reservoir at Bradfield is doubtless not so destructive as that inundation at Lyons. But in many of its incidents it is equal, if it does not surpass, all former calamities of the kind. We have only to imagine a vast sheet of water, covering some ninety-five acres, and many fathoms deep, bursting with all the fury of a torrent in the dead of the night, and, as the reports say, "almost obliterating a populous district," through a valley seven miles long. It was a little after midnight, when the poor doomed people were asleep, that the first alarm was given. There was a mighty volume of water rushing along with the roar and hiss of an express train at full speed through the cutting. All the way from the dam of the reservoir at Bradfield to Sheffield—seven miles—the water levelled a pathway for itself, and this pathway of slimy

mud was over and across fields and villages, cottage-houses and mills, over men, women, and children asleep. Bridges were swept away like wisps of straw—farmhouses, factories, shops, trees, walls, fences, huge blocks of timber, and frameworks of buildings of great weight and size, were rooted up and hurled away. It is calculated that at least a hundred lives were sacrificed within less than half a hundred minutes. This tremendous accident is only too easily accounted for. The great dam at Bradfield, the embankment of which stretches across the valley, was, it appears, much more than full, and swollen besides by the heavy falls of snow and rain. Not only was the dam full, but hundreds of acres above it were submerged. Then on the Friday night came a high wind, blowing down the valley, and pressing this enormous weight of water against the embankment. Some alarm had already been felt for the safety of the dam; the engineer of the company was taking measures to strengthen it before the violent storm arose. About midnight on the Friday the centre of the embankment slowly gave way, and down rushed the water through the valley, "like a pent-up sea." So much more terrible an element is water than fire for the energy and skill of man to encounter! Fire, fierce as it is, and irrepressible as it looks, is easily got under, its ravages are easily restricted. Water, on the contrary, is all the more uncontrollable the more it is resisted and confined. The very configuration of the district between Bradfield and Sheffield gave the bursting waters all the redoubled and accumulated force of a torrent; it rushed down the valley like the rainfall through a sewer. From earthquake, famine, and pestilence we English pray to be delivered—and we are delivered; but the powers of Nature with which it is a man's destiny to combat are stronger than art, science, or the will of man, and from time to time it is thus we are humbled and thus that we are taught. All England will hasten to the relief of the survivors.

THE tax on fire insurances is both bad in principle and excessive in amount. It is really, as has often been said, a tax upon prudence in a sense which can be predicated of no other impost. Many taxes, as the income tax for instance, are paid out of the produce of prudence, but this tax strikes prudence itself in the very act. It is this consideration, even more than the exorbitant rate of the duty, which has arrayed against the tax the Chambers of Commerce and so many other mercantile associations which have petitioned parliament on the subject. In a memorial which was forwarded to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and which was signed by sixty of the greatest banking and mercantile firms of the City of London, while the opinion was expressed that "the object of the Government should be to encourage every prudent act that may tend to promote the welfare of the people," it was affirmed that "in consequence of the excessive duty a large proportion of the insurable property of the country is unprotected from loss by fire." It would be wise to get rid altogether of a tax which by its very nature discourages prudence. But of this there is at present no hope. The duty on fire insurances yields a revenue of £1,600,000 per annum, and at the rate at which the nation is living that small sum is more than can be spared. The duty at present levied on fire insurances is 3s. per cent. per annum. In many instances this amounts to 200 per cent. on the premium. A tradesman or householder insures his stock or furniture for £2,000: the annual premium is 30s, and the duty upon the premium £3; a monstrous proportion. There can be no doubt as to the practical effect of rates so oppressive. In the City Memorial before mentioned the charge is declared to operate to prevent insurances in many cases altogether, while in other instances insurances are effected only on the minimum instead of on the maximum value of the property.

The Court.

His Imperial highness the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, the future Emperor of Mexico, accompanied by the archduchess and a numerous suite, arrived at Dover on Saturday. On arrival at Dover their imperial highnesses proceeded to the Ship Hotel, and partook of breakfast, and at four o'clock left by special train on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway for London, arriving at Victoria Station at 5.50 a.m., the distance from Dover to London, seventy-eight miles, having been run in one hour and fifty minutes. On arrival at Victoria Station the imperial party proceeded at once to the Clarendon Hotel, where apartments had been engaged for them. The archduke has been travelling in strict incognito, under the title of the Count Laetitia; consequently, all the usual receptions and salutes have been dispensed with.

At an early hour on Sunday their imperial highnesses proceeded to Marlborough House to pay a visit to the King of the Belgians, the venerable father of the archduchess. Their imperial highnesses, dressed with the Prince and Princess of Wales on Sunday night at Marlborough House, to meet the King of the Belgians.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince John of Glouceburg, went to the Princess's Theatre on Monday evening, attended by Countess De Grey, Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, and Baron Guldenstone. The Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Prince Alfred and Princess Helena, came to London from Windsor on Monday morning. In attendance were Lady Churchill, Lord Charles Fitzroy and Lieutenant-General Hon. G. Grey. Her Majesty drove to South Kensington, and inspected the Mulready collection of pictures. Her Majesty then visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and remained to luncheon. After luncheon her Majesty drove to Buckingham Palace and there received their imperial highnesses the Archduke Maximilian of Austria and the Archduchess Charlotte. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Helena, afterwards returned to Windsor Castle.

The Court will go into mourning for three weeks, commencing on Sunday, the 20th inst, for his late Majesty the King of Bavaria.

LITERARY NEWS.—Mr. Henry J. Byron, the popular dramatic author, will commence a new novel in the April number of "Temple Bar Magazine."

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Foreign News

FRANCE.

The *Temps* believes that the Duke of Coburg Gotha has come to Paris with the assent of several other German sovereigns, to explain to the Emperor the position of Germany, and to induce his Majesty to recognize the right of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein to decide freely upon their future government.

In the *Courier de Dimanche* M. Assolant devotes an article to the good-natured purpose of showing up the humiliation entailed on England by the course the Government is pursuing. The article is in the writer's most pungent style:—

"England just now is in a state of exquisite embarrassment. Must she allow Denmark to perish, and surrender the keys of the Baltic into the hands of the King of Prussia; or must she, in order to rescue Denmark, rush into war with the whole of Germany? Great is the perplexity of our excellent neighbours there afloat. If Lord Russell and Palmerston could possibly get themselves out of the scrape by writing despatches the business would soon be settled. Both have abundance of that kind of ammunition, and Lord Russell, in particular, knows no rival in the art of pointing out the path of virtue to his neighbour. Whether the business is to hand be to avoid Gortchakoff, or to claim Savoy for the Swiss, or to tell the King of Prussia that he ought to be ashamed of himself, Lord Russell is equal to the task. But by this time the world has seen through his game, and poor Johnny frightens nobody now. He is like a scarecrow set up in a cornfield to terrify small birds. His threatening notes are powerless to produce any impression save on the Emperor of Trebizond or the Grand Duke of Monomotapa. Illustrations old man! He is a great bore, very formal, very pedantic, very much given to repetition; but then he is so well got up, and so perfectly proper and respectable! As for the rest, no one can best him at doing nothing. At all events he is a sincere and real partizan of peace and of home reforms. But what are we to say of his colleague, the warlike Palmerston, the friend of the riflemen, and the builder of the iron-clads, who finds not a word to answer when informed of the invasion of Jutland, save that he hopes that it is only a strategic movement? Frankly, William Pitt used to make more prompt and vigorous replies. In his day no one, not even Napoleon, would have insulted England with impunity. Now, an English minister hopes that M. de Bismarck will be so good as not to carry his advantages too far, and refrain from entering Copenhagen. On the other hand, if he could induce Bismarck to 'leave in,' by frightening him with the sword of France, Palmerston would eagerly do it. Ah! you are trying it on again with the Holy Alliance, you Austrians, Prussians, and Russians; well, see if I don't let the French army loose upon you; and, in fact, if, through pure good nature, we were willing to send 200,000 men to Germany, half that number to Italy, and help Denmark in its hour of peril, Palmerston, I have not the least doubt, would assist us—with his good wishes. The old thimble-rigger is by no means chary of our blood and treasure; but as for risking an English skin or an English shilling to save any one anywhere—he has no notion of it. One nation alone can prevent the dismemberment of Denmark, and that nation is France. Is she willing to do so? Have we any great interest at stake in this war? The matter requires looking into. In the first place, let us set aside glory, influence, and preponderance. It is clear that nothing could be more glorious than to rescue Denmark, for we should have most assuredly to fight the whole of Germany, supported by Russia. But what reason have we for going to war; and if England, connected with Denmark by the closest ties, does not think fit to interfere, what right have we to play the knight-errant and do England's work for her? Have we not enough on our hands with Rome, China, Cochinchina, Algeria, and Mexico? However, I will suppose we do go to war, fight, and, of course, beat the Germans. What will be the reward of our courage and generosity? The left bank of the Rhine, no doubt! But do you reckon when that day comes on the aid or neutrality of England? Why, they would sooner throw thousands of millions into the sea than suffer patiently the annexation of Coblenz. And after all, is the left bank of the Rhine worth the lives of four or five hundred thousand men? And if, through an act of sublime self-denial, we get nothing, what shall we have gained by a protracted and sanguinary war?"

ITALY.

PROCLAMATION OF THE VENETIAN COMMITTEE.

The Venetian committee of action has distributed in the Italian districts under Austrian rule, a proclamation calling upon the people to rise, assuring them that powerful nations abroad will stand by their side. The Dano-German conflict is but the forerunner of greater conclusions. They could not expect a constitutional Government to commence the agitation. They must first rise following the insurrection will come Garibaldi with the volunteers. Then the Italian army. "We announce," the proclamation concludes, "that your committee of action has agreed with the central committee founded by Garibaldi, and the insurrectionary committees in Hungary and Galicia, that the movement shall break out simultaneously in all places. Once more (and it is perhaps the last time we shall speak of preparations), once more, we say, unite and organize. Instead of emigrating, we can then remain upon our native soil, for which we must conquer freedom and independence."

POLAND.

PROCLAMATION OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE IN GALICIA.

A proclamation has been posted up in all parts of Lemberg, side by side with the manifesto of the Emperor of Austria, justifying the state of siege. The National Committee reiterates that the original intention of the Polish National Government was opposed to any rising in countries appertaining to Poland not under Russian rule, and would have regarded a revolution in Galicia as high treason. They only wished Galicia to aid Poland indirectly. Nevertheless, the Austrian Government has proclaimed Galicia in a state of siege. The measure has been caused not only by fear lest the National Government should have intended to organize a rising in the province, but rather to assist and support Russia, unable to conquer a nation fighting for life. The national struggle, they assert, will not be crushed. Neither will they cease to aid the Poles in insurrection. They exhort the citizens to retain the attitude they have taken up, having for their watchword "activity, perseverance, and devotion," and for their aim—a free Poland.

DENMARK.

The following extraordinary report appears in the *Vienna Presse*: "The brother and eldest son of King Christian is about to leave Copenhagen—the former to go to London, the latter to another European capital. Several partisans of the reigning house have also left Copenhagen in great haste. Persons well informed state that all this is connected with a wide-spread conspiracy, which was only discovered just as it was upon the point of breaking out. This conspiracy was for a Scandinavian union, and for the purpose of joining not only the islands of Denmark, but Jutland and the Duchies of Sweden, and even of re-conquering Pomerania for this new Scandinavian union, which would have formed a sort of Northern kingdom, like Italy in the South. Many persons in the Danish army were connected with the plot, but the principal actor

in it is neither in Copenhagen nor Stockholm. The affair is very serious, but before long we shall have further particulars.

THE WAR IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

The following is from the head-quarters of the Danish army:—"Diplomatic negotiations seem to proceed as slowly as military operations, and the Schleswig-Holstein question is as difficult to be settled by protocols as it is to be decided by bayonets. We know nothing, or next to nothing, of what may be going on beyond the few square miles which constitute our little world, and are at a loss to make out from the newspapers the various phases through which the Conference is said to pass. The conviction here, meanwhile, is that the war is not at an end; cannot come to an end without at least some great wholesale slaughter round about the bastions of Duppel. No power of arguments, no threats or promises, no amount of distress or exhaustion, will (we are told) ever bring Denmark to fresh concessions. The advice of well-meaning but lukewarm allies has already cost her too much. On the other hand, the Danes say their enemies also have ventured too far to be able to withdraw without disgrace. The Prussians have to look to their reputation as a martial nation. They cannot go back with such laurels as they have up to this time reaped in this campaign. The magnificent proclamation of Prince Frederick Charles, his bombastic assurance to his soldiers that 'to have belonged to the artillery before Missunde would have been equivalent to a badge of bravery for any man during his life-time,' would long be used against him and his as a byword, unless some deed of arms worthy of the old traditions of the Seven Years' War were to make amends for the slackness and slowness with which Prussians have behaved hitherto. It is not with an army which has consented to play second fiddle to the Austrian that Prussia can make good her pretensions to German hegemony, or hold her own on the Rhine as a first-rate Power, ready on any emergency to withstand the onset of France. She has come *sur le terrain* and fight she must. She cannot welcome back her troops in Berlin with their brand of impotence against such a puny enemy as Denmark numerically is. She must have at least this poor nook of Duppel and Alsen to boast of as a conquest, to set off against a wanton expenditure of men and money, against the intolerable brag and bluster with which she has been for the last two months blowing her own trumpet."

Several battalions of Roder's Prussian brigade had taken Nabel, after a slight engagement. Radebüll was occupied after a sharp contest. Lieutenant Troschel and three men of the 24th Regiment were killed, and Captain Balhorn, of the 24th Regiment, and about ten men were wounded. An unimportant engagement has also taken place before Duppel. A detachment of Danish troops was driven from Lillerhølle on Sunday, by two companies of the 15th and 55th Regiments. The enemy lost thirty-three prisoners. Field-Marshal von Wrangel has issued a proclamation prohibiting the export of horses, cattle, and grain from Jutland, under penalty of confiscation.

"Somehow, however, events have not as yet justified the great vaunts of the Prussians. The Prussians came, saw, but did not conquer. Their petty skirmishing at outposts achieved but little towards carrying the Dybbøl fort at the point of the bayonet. We were then given to understand that the Prussians were 'preparing themselves.' Their heavy artillery had not arrived; it was for their positions they were waiting. A terrible cannonade was to be the prelude of their savage onslaught. Nothing was to begin till all could be achieved. The storming of the bastions, the passage of the Sound, the annihilation of the Danes, were to be accomplished at one blow. All measures were taken for a full, immediate, and decisive success. The 22nd of last month, then the 26th, were the days appointed for the mighty deed. But all these days passed, the month itself came to an end, and the inaction of the Prussians became daily more absolute and complete. 'What is the meaning of all this?' my Danish friends ask. 'Has Prussia resolved upon wearing us out with *manœuvres*, and, without offering or accepting an armistice, does she shrink from a conflict which would have no political results? Is this merely a show and mockery of war, and must the lives that have been and are being sacrificed be looked upon as mere counters in the deep game that politicians are playing behind the soldiers' backs? If the Prussians were so bent upon achieving the occupation of Schleswig, if it seemed to them that nothing was actually done until Dybbøl and Alsen were reduced, why do they not come on? Their own turn has come; their Austrian allies have made room for them. The best chances are offered them for retrieving the inglorious past. They are face to face with us—double and treble our number, strong in the advantages of all the most formidable contrivances of modern artillery. How is it that they are afraid to come on? The word 'a'raid,' as applied to the armies of that nation whose destinies the Great Elector and Frederick II. grounded on the excellence of their military organization, seems really too absurd. But the Prussian army is young and inexperienced. It has had but rare chances of distinguishing itself since 1815. Its first trial at Missunde was not very encouraging—nay, some people describe that encounter as a positive Prussian defeat. It takes time to bring into action raw regiments, whose officers have seen as little fire as their men. I am not by any means disposed to believe all I hear; but some of the Danes, who were far advanced at the outposts on the 22nd (the day on which the Prussians made a forward movement on the village of Dybbøl, and when they had four infantry brigades, with cavalry and artillery, against two Danish regiments), assure me that they could see on the other side of the lines Prussian officers urging their men on with the fiat of their swords, that they could hear them calling their men 'courageous hounds' and all sorts of ignominious names, but without inspiring them with sufficient pluck to bring them to face the heavy cannon that began to open fire upon them from the bastions at Dybbøl-hill. I repeat it is ridiculous to suppose that the long-meditated and often-announced attack of the Prussians should be put off day after day simply from disinclination of the soldiers of that nation to come to the scratch. But that such is the interpretation the Danes begin to feel inclined to put on the sluggish movements of their adversaries is a fact that I can vouch; and it is always in the power of the Prussians to give the lie to such disparaging surmises by making good their boasts by brave deeds."

The Rev. Wm. Bedell Cougher has been instituted to the rectory of Wattisfield, in the county of Suffolk and diocese of Ely, on the flat of the archbishop, as guardian of the spiritualities of the vacant see of Ely.

Mr. G. J. GOSNELL, M.P. for the City, has consented to preside at the anniversary festival of the Metropolitan Free Hospital, on Thursday, the 5th May.

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TO CORRUPTIVES.—Dr. H. Jones, the celebrated physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physicians and despaired of by her father. Send free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street, Covent-garden London. [Advertisement.]

General News.

GEORGE ARMSTRONG, a private of the 30th British Regiment who took advantage of his leave of absence to cross to the American side, enlist there, receive the bounty, and then return to his regiment boasting of his masculinity, has been tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be drummed out of the service and afterwards imprisoned for two years.—*Montreal Paper.*

THE grave of the five pirates of the Flower Land, in Newgate, is now indicated by the few mural marks that serve to point out the burial-places of notorious criminals. The grave is immediately on the right of that of the infamous poisoner, Catherine Wilson; and on the wall near it the initials B. L. D. W. rudely carved in the stone, with the words "Ship Flower Land, Feb. 22," mark the spot where the remains of Blanco, Lopez, Duranno, Lyons, and Watto, are interred.

An unfortunate accident has just occurred in the studio of M. Dubray, statuary, at Passy, near Paris. That artist, to whom are due the well-known statues of General Abbatucci at Ajaccio, Jeanne Hachette at Breval, and the Empress Josephine at Martigny, which last work was seen in the Exhibition of 1857, has just terminated, after a year's labour, the model of an equestrian figure of Napoleon I., destined for the city of Rome. The committee charged to report on the work had willingly accepted the statue, being satisfied that a sculptor had never been more successful, and the casting of the work in bronze was decided to take place immediately. The Prefect of the Seine-Inférieure, attracted by the report of the committee, called on the artist to see the work, and the statue was being turned on its axis to exhibit it from different points of view, when the bar of iron by which the whole mass was supported suddenly broke in two, and the work was precipitated to the ground, rider and horse being reduced to a thousand pieces. It is impossible to depict the consternation of all present, but after the first emotion was passed, M. Dubray announced that he should commence that very day the work of preparing a new model.

THE death of the King of Bavaria is generally considered as a heavy blow to the league of the smaller German States, of which he was one of the most active and influential leaders. The late King was summoned to the throne in 1818, in consequence of the abdication under circumstances of a somewhat romantic character, of one who will be remembered in history chiefly for his connection with the Countess de Lansfeldt. He was, like most sovereigns, a Liberal on his accession, but the disturbances which took place in the Rhenish Palatinate, in 1849, induced him to modify his views; but he was a firm and honest politician, and the Germanic Confederation lost in him a sturdy champion against the absorbing tendencies of the two great Powers. His successor is barely eighteen.

ON the manuscript of Rossetti's new "Mass" is written in his handwriting the following prayer:—"I hope this mass will be reckoned above against all my sins, and will open to me the gates of Paradise." (1)

ORIENTAL LITERATURE has experienced a great loss in the death of Dr. J. B. Ballantyne, formerly principal of the Government college at Benares, and latterly librarian to the India-office.

A NUMEROUS gathering of the managers of the various London theatres took place at the rooms of the National Shakespeare Committee, 110, Pall-mall, on Saturday, to arrange the time for the performances handsomely promised to be given in aid of the Monument Fund. Mr. Benjamin Webster (Adelphi and St. James's), who had kindly convened the meeting by circular, presided, and the following gentlemen, amongst others, were present:—Mr. J. B. Buckstone (Haymarket), Mr. G. J. Vining (Princess's), Messrs. Shepherd and Anderson (Surrey), Mr. Robert Edgar (Sadler's Wells and National Standard), Messrs. Swanborough (Grand), Messrs. Frampton and Fenton (Victoria), and Mr. S. Lane (Britannia). It was reported that Messrs. E. Fallover and F. B. Oberterton (Drury Lane), and Mr. C. Fechter (Lyceum), would gladly concur in any decision come to. After some considerable discussion it was definitively settled that the best time for such performances to take place would be during the weeks commencing Monday, April 18, and ending Saturday, April 30, and that they should take place accordingly. It was understood that the performances would as far as practicable be Shakespearean performances, and in one or two cases, where they will be given on or very near the night of the 23rd, special and interesting features will be imported into them. A vote of thanks to Mr. Webster closed the proceedings.

HIS Majesty the Queen forwarded on Monday, through Sir O. Phipps, her usual annual subscription of £50 to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

MR. SAM COWELL, the well-known comic singer, expired at Blandford on Friday week, in his forty-third year, leaving a wife and large family to deplore his loss.

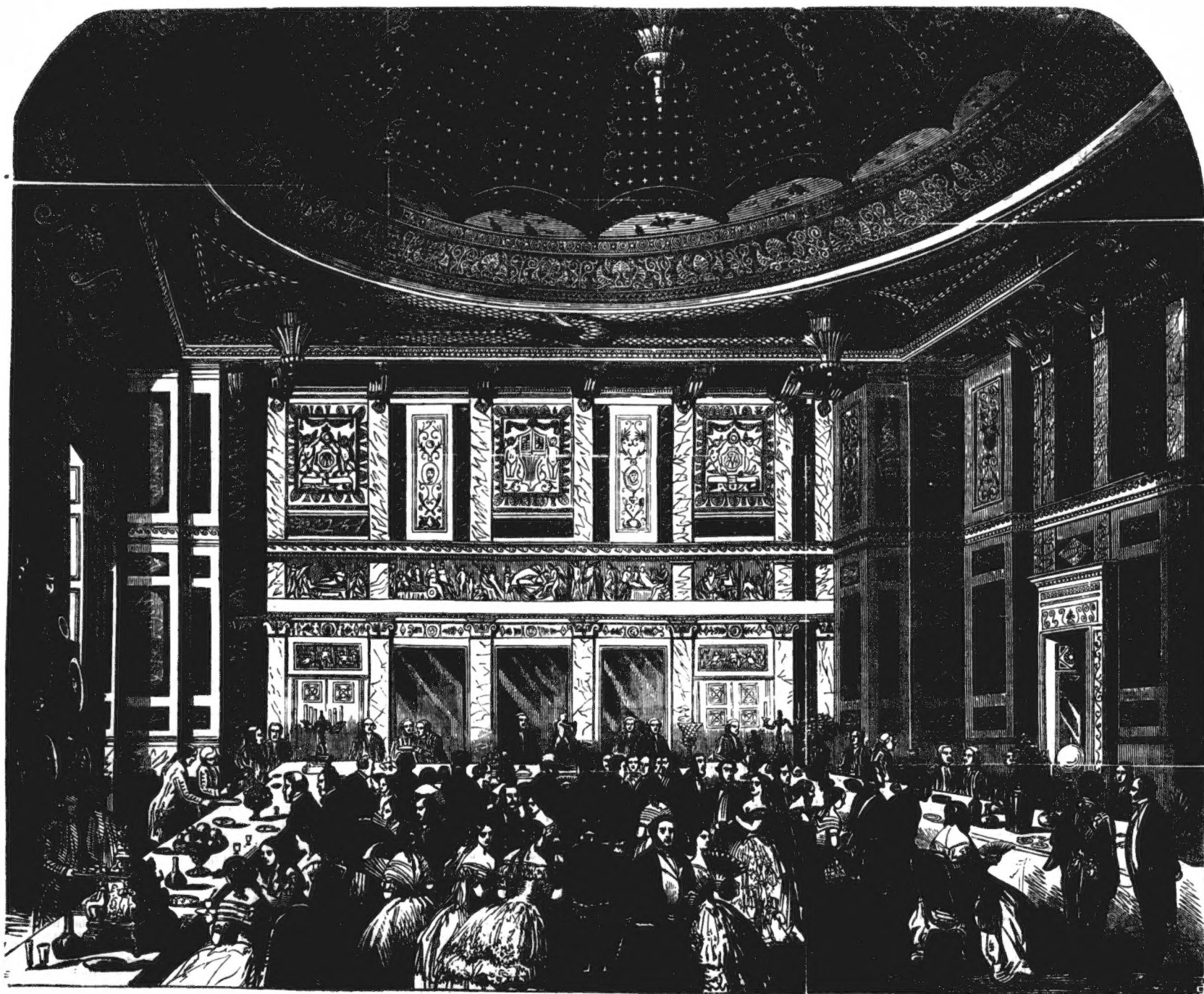
WE are requested to state that the Lord Mayor, in compliance with a wish of some gentlemen in the city, has undertaken to receive contributions towards the relief of the sufferers by the distressing calamity at Sheffield.

A NEGRO paper, called the *Anglo-African*, is published in New York. Its editor is a dark, but believes in his race. He says:—"You need not disturb yourself about the black man in these United States; he has a good standing colour, and an abundance of endurance; look at him: tall, brawny, well-limbed, sound-trained as God made him, a man and a brother. You sharp-nosed, hatchet-faced, lank-haired people, aided by science, have vainly tried to crush the manhood out of him, and failed; do give up; you cannot lie him out of his manhood. He is a better man and a better citizen than you or your race ever dare be; under any circumstances, in all climates; if not, why do you cut down his equal chances? Bluff Ben Butler, the other day, started on a forced march of some two or three days. He had two white and two black regiments of infantry. It was in a climate, moreover, favourable to the whites. How was it when they arrived there? One half the white soldiers had struggled, exhausted, on the road—every black answered to his name at roll-call. Pahaw! Don't 'fool' any longer. If you want the rebellion wiped out take 800,000 of our blacks; give us Ben Butler, or let us go alone, and in sixty days the South shall be wiped out."

EXTRAORDINARY OUTRAGE.—The quiet little village of Merton, near Fife, has been the scene of a most brutal outrage on a young man, a native of the place, who lives with his widowed mother in a small detached cottage at the end of the village, on the Fife-moor. On Wednesday night last, about half-past eight o'clock, as was his custom, he went across the road to the cowshed to supper. While there two men entered with blackened faces, and immediately seized hold of him. Having thrown something into his mouth, they pulled his cap over his eyes, and quickly tied with a cord his arms close to his body, taking a turn with the cord round his head, and thereby pulling it on one side. They then twisted his hands tightly together by a piece of whipcord, and next violently laid hold of his legs and shoulders, and carried him across the road into a field adjoining the cottage, where they threw him head foremost into a pond of mud and water. The poor fellow struggled and cried as best he could for help. His mother heard his cries, went to the door to listen, and then ran to her neighbours for assistance. On searching the pond they found her son, who was immediately extricated and conveyed home. He was found to have received a violent kick on the chest. He was also otherwise much bruised, and was in a very precarious state. No motive can be assigned for the cowardly attack, nor has any clue been obtained to the perpetrators of the outrage.—*Local Paper.*



THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.—THE PROCESSION. (See page 634.)



THE ROYAL CHRISTENING —THE BANQUET. (See page 634.)



THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE ROYAL INFANT. (See page 634.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—Miss Louisa Pyne took her benefit on Monday evening. The performances consisted of "The Crown Diamonds" and the second act of "The Parian's Daughter." Miss Pyne was rapturously received. "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Fanchette" has been played during the week. This (Saturday) evening is the last night of the season. We are gratified to see that a company is being formed to fully carry out what should be an English opera. While the principal continental cities have their national operatic institutions, London has nothing of the kind. All has depended upon individual speculation, too often to the ruin of an enterprising manager. The present company contemplate not only the production of English operas, but also translations and adaptations from foreign works; and, above all, it will foster English talent wherever it can be found, and give facilities of a thorough schooling for those aspiring to the lyric stage, instead of being thrust too prematurely before the public. From the list of directors, we must augur success for the new company.

DRURY LANE.—This national establishment closes this week prior to Easter. "The Four Mowbrays," "Manfred," and "The Alabama," have been the attractions of the week. This evening (Saturday) Mr. Phelps will again appear in his favourite character of Sir Pertinax Macintosh, in "The Man of the World." The first part of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." is to be produced at Easter, with every possible effect.

HAYMARKET.—The programme has been slightly varied here during the past week. "Little Daisy," "Bunkum Muller," and "Our American Cousin" have been followed by "An Unlucky Mortal."

PRINCESS'S.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince John of Gloucester, attended by Lady De Grey and Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, honoured this theatre with their presence on Monday evening.

LYCEUM.—"Bel Demonio" is still the attraction, and will doubtless run through the Easter holidays.

THE STRAND.—There has been no abatement whatever in the crowded audiences assembling nightly at this favourite house. It is somewhat astonishing that the public can stand such an amount of laughter as is here provoked every evening. Such a bill of fare as "On and Off," "Unlimited Confidence," "Orpheus and Eurydice," and "Margate Sands" cannot indeed fail of attracting. The house closes next week to prepare for the Easter burlesque and a new comedy entitled "A Hunt for a Husband."

SURREY.—Crowded houses continue to show the successful career of "Ashore and Afloat." It is in every way a great sensational piece. The pantomime still continues.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Thursday evening, Mr. Edmund Phelps took his benefit, which was signalled by the production of "The Sea of Ice" and "The Orville." Miss Marriott has continued her excellent assumption of the character of Hamlet during a portion of the week. "The Blue Jackets" has also been produced.

BRITANNIA.—There has been no change in the entertainments here since our last notice. "Evil Hands and Honest Hearts," and "The Outcasts" still maintain the reputation of the house.

STANDARD.—The performances have been extremely varied, including "The Brothers of Paris," "The Blind Mother," "Dark Clouds," "Jack and Jack's Brother," "The Man-Slayer," and "Hamlet." On Easter Monday, and the Saturday prior, Miss Marriott and the Sadler's Wells company appear here. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul also appear four nights next week.

CITY OF LONDON.—"Lost Rosabel" and "The Robbers of the Prairie" have constituted the attraction at this East-end establishment during the week.

VICTORIA.—"Margaret Catchpool" and "Kiddle-a-Wink—One and All," have been played here throughout the week. Madame Celeste appears at this establishment on Easter Monday.

PAVILION.—The new drama of "A Year and a Day," dramatised from the Christmas tale in Bow Bells, has continued to be well received here; also, another drama, entitled "Sea-Drift; or, the Wreckers of the Channel," dramatised from a romance which appeared in KEYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY.

QUEEN'S.—The entertainments are generally varied at this establishment. Among the pieces played during the past week have been "True to the Last," "Peter Wilkins," "The Corn Field," "Il Trovatore," "The Pencil," and "Lady Audley's Secret."

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The splendid scenes in the circle, and the daring feats of horsemanship, and other attractive performances at this spacious place of amusement, still continue to draw large audiences.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, with Mr. John Parry, are still delighting fashionable audiences in their admirable entertainment of "The Pyramid." Mr. John Parry is no less entertaining in his humorous sketch of "Mrs. Roseleaf's Little Evening Party."

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Mr. Arthur Sketchley's "Paris," and "Mrs. Brown at the Play," continue to attract numerous audiences.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Miss Grace Egerton commences a short season at this hall on Tuesday evening next.

POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Mr. W. S. Woodin returns on Tuesday next to the scene of his former triumphs in the art of amusing his patrons. His new entertainment is entitled "The Elopement Extraordinary," and "Bachelor's Box."

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND THE ITALIANS.—The following is the text of the reply given by the Emperor to the address of the national committee of Turin on the subject of the Greco plot:—"Your address has deeply touched me, and I thank you for the sentiments which you express towards me on the subject of the late conspiracy. Your indignation on that occasion proves to me, what I have never doubted, that Italy rejects, as unworthy of belonging to her, men who dare to take on themselves the double character of judges and executioners. Such attempts cannot in any way change my sentiments towards your country, and I shall always consider it as an honour to have contributed in establishing its independence. Accept, gentlemen, with my sincere thanks, the assurance of my favourable sentiments.—NAPOLEON."

THE PEACE SOCIETY AND THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—A memorial from the Peace Society has been presented to the Emperor of the French expressive of the satisfaction with which they have observed the proposal recently made by his Majesty for an international congress. The memorialists doubt not that his Majesty's idea, though not at present meeting with universal acceptance, is destined to bear fruit at no distant day. The following is the Emperor's reply:—"To Mr. Joseph Peace, President of the London Peace Society.—Sir, Your committee, in the address which it has forwarded to me, congratulates me on having proposed a European Congress. The expression of its sentiments touches me all the more because your society, occupying itself with an enlightened zeal with the means of maintaining the general peace, is on that very account better able to appreciate my constant solicitude for the attainment of that end. Will you be my interpreter to your honourable colleagues, and offer them my sincere thanks.—Believe me, sir, with all sentiments, &c., NAPOLEON."

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES.—8 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Lioness, (off); 11 to 1 agst Mr. Hunt's Blithfield (1); 100 to 8 agst Baron Rothschild's Wingrave (1).

THE CHESTER CUP.—500 to 40 agst Mr. O. Reynard's Golden Pledge (off); 20 to 1 agst Mr. E. Drevitt's Blackdown (off); 80 to 1 agst Mr. R. Drevitt's Accident (1); 40 to 1 agst Mr. E. Drevitt's Greenland (1).

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—6 to 1 agst Count F. de La-grange's Fille de l'Air (1); 7 to 2 agst Captain White's Cambruscan (1 and off).

THE DUNDEE.—8 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (off); 14 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Coastguard (1); 100 to 7 agst Captain White's Cambruscan (1 and off); 28 to 1 agst Mr. H. Hill's Actworth (1); 33 to 1 agst Mr. E. Broock's Idler (1); 40 to 1 agst Mr. H. Hill's Copenhagen (1 and off).

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS IN AUSTRALIA.

THE success of the English cricketers in Melbourne has been most brilliant. The *Argus*, of the 25th January, says:—

"The twelve representatives of the cricketing world of England, who have now been amongst us for some time, have had various opportunities of exhibiting their skill in all departments of the 'great national game'; and it is not too much to say that they have taught the Victorian players a great deal more than they had any knowledge of before. They have shown what cricket really is when played as only such men can play it; and it is to be hoped that the players of the colony will take the lesson which has been given to them—and that in the pleasantest way, and in the best spirit—properly to heart, and go on improving until they render themselves still more worthy of opponents such as Mr. Parr and his companions. Wherever they have gone the English cricketers, we are happy to say, have been received in the most cordial manner, and hospitality has been extended to them on all hands. They express themselves much gratified with the colony and the people amongst whom they find themselves. The team sail by the *Alhambra* for New Zealand to-day, and they will be absent for a month. On returning they play at Castlemaine, and again in Melbourne. They also visit Sydney; and most likely a trip to Adelaide will be arranged."

THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT PRINCE.

WE this week present our readers with several pictures illustrating the late christening of the young prince. The ceremony took place in the chapel at Buckingham Palace.

The royal personages having been conducted to their seats, and the great officers and other attendants having taken their appointed places on either side of the chapel, the service commenced with the performance of sacred music.

When the music ceased the lord chamberlain, accompanied by the groom of the stole to his royal highness the Prince of Wales and the chamberlain to her royal highness the Princess of Wales, conducted the infant prince into the chapel, his royal highness being carried by the head nurse, and attended by the Countess of Macclesfield, one of the ladies of the bedchamber to her royal highness the Princess of Wales.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury commenced the prayer "Almighty ever-living God," the Countess of Macclesfield gave the infant prince to the Queen, who handed his royal highness to the archbishop. Having taken the baby in his arms, his grace sprinkled him with water, named him Albert Victor Christian Edward, and made the sign of the cross upon his forehead, saying, "We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do sign him with the sign of the cross in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end, Amen." Addressing the sponsors, his grace said: "Ye are to take care that this child be brought to the bishop to be confirmed by him as soon as he can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue, and be further instructed in the Church Catechism set forth for that purpose."

The Countess of Macclesfield then took the prince, who, after the service was reconduted from the chapel in the same way. The illustrations represent the Prince and Princess of Wales and the newly baptized prince, the grand banquet in the palace after the christening, and the procession to the chapel.

WANDERING ENGLISHMEN.

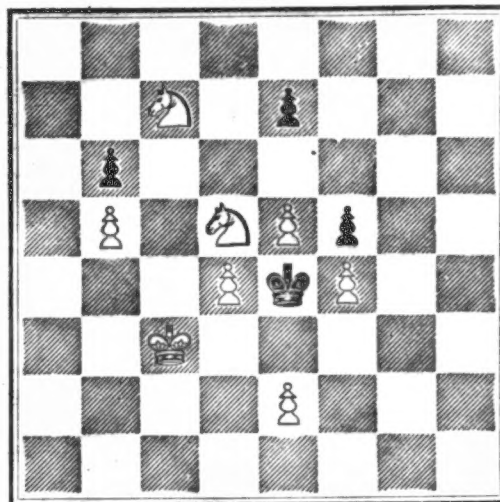
THE following is from the head-quarters of the Prussian army in Schleswig:—

"Englishmen certainly manage to make their way about foreign countries in the teeth of difficulties which one would suppose insurmountable. Breakfasting the other morning in the office-room at Apenrade I suddenly heard a voice say to the landlord, who was in the bar-room with the door open between us, 'Can you speak English?' The words were spoken in English, and, few though they were, a something in the accent brought to my memory pleasant days passed amid the green lanes of Devonshire. It so happened that the landlord could speak English, as is the case with many of his class in this country, and he replied to some inquiries addressed to him by the stranger, who presently came into the room where I sat, and looked well pleased to find a countryman there. He had just come from Denmark, he said. I ventured to suppose that by Denmark, he meant North Schleswig or perhaps Kolding. Not a bit of it; he had come from the island of Funen, whither he had been sent from England on business connected with a wreck that had there taken place. He had been at Funen the day before, had come across to Jutland, and then southward through the Prussian lines. He, of course, had been speedily laid hold of by the outposts and conducted to an officer. But he could speak neither German nor Danish, and had no passport. What could be done with such an inexplicable wanderer? Had he spoken a little German it might have been his ruin, for he then would have been examined, and probably detained for further investigation and for the decision of the higher authorities. Ignorance in his case was decidedly bliss, as far as bliss can be considered compatible with night travelling at this season in this part of the world. He had no papers, he could give no account of himself, but he was manifestly an Englishman, for besides that his external man testified pretty strongly to that fact, only Englishmen run themselves into such predicaments. He had had business in Funen, and wanted to get to England by way of Hamburg, and the shortest and quickest road was through Schleswig. It was no business of his if Greeks and Trojans, Danes and Germans, stood in arms against each other across the line of his progress; their quarrels were nothing to him, and he had learnt at school that a straight line is the shortest way from one point to another. So he walked into the embraces of a Prussian picket, and seemed to think it rather good fun than otherwise that he had been marched for twenty miles between a couple of dragons, with drawn pistols, prepared to scatter the contents of his trisulpan on the first suspicious sign. He did not consider that travelling in foreign countries with whose language he was totally unacquainted was particularly inconvenient; and in this respect, considering his recent experience, I was really inclined to admit that he was not far wrong."

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 165.—By SIGNOR A.

Black.



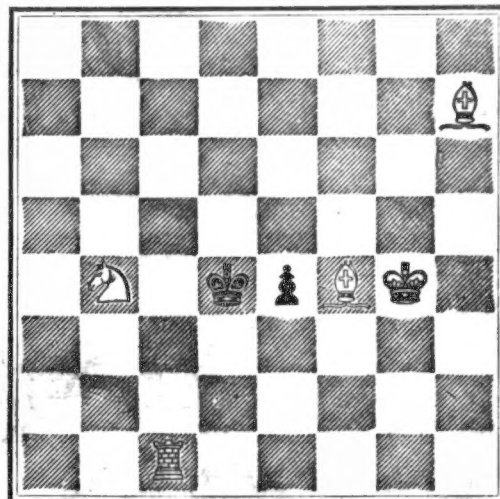
White.

White to move, and mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 166.—By NEMO.

(For the Juveniles.)

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in two moves.

The following dashing little skirmish—(from the *Newcastle Daily Journal*)—was played some time ago, between two members of the Newcastle Chess Club:—

[PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE IN THE KING'S KNIGHT'S GAME.]

White.	Black.
Mr. Duffy.	Mr. Newton.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. P to Q 3
3. P to Q 4	3. P takes P
4. B to K 4	4. Kt to K 5 (a)
5. P to Q B 3	5. P takes P
6. Kt takes P	6. Kt to K B 3
7. Castles	7. B takes Kt
8. Q takes B	8. B to K 2
9. Kt to Q 5 (b)	9. P to Q B 3 (c)
10. Kt takes K (ch)	10. B takes Kt
11. Q to K B 5	11. Castles
12. P to K B 4	12. Q to K 3 (ch) (d)
13. K to B square	13. B takes P
14. B to Q Kt square	14. Q to Q 5
15. B takes R	15. Q takes B
16. B takes P	16. B takes B
17. Q to K Kt 5	17. K to R square
18. Q to B 6 (ch)	18. K to K square
19. B to K B 3	19. K to K square

White mates in five moves.

(a) The correct move here is 4. B to K 2.
(b) White conducts the attack with great spirit.
(c) Had he taken Knight with Knight, the following is a probable continuation:—

10. Black takes Kt
(He appears to have no better move. If he play 10. P to Q B 3, White replies with 12. Q takes P (ch), and 11. B to K 6 (ch).
11. B takes Kt P, winning the exchange.
(d) We should have preferred 12. B to Q 5 (ch), followed by Kt to Q 2.

G. F.—Mate is impossible in Problem No. 1, if Black play 8. B to K 6. No 2 shall have in return as early as practicable.
B. Joyce.—See the article on the K Kt Gambit, b. the Reverend W. Waite, in the "Chess-Player's Chronicle," second series, vol. III, p. 278.

J. P. (Yoxford).—Of the two games, we prefer White's, as his pieces are better developed; but, as Black has two Pawns ahead, he may possibly draw the game. Some interesting play would result from Black playing 17. Kt to Q Kt 5, forcing the exchange next move.

SCHOOLBOY.—The key-move of Problem No. 128 is Kt to Q 6.

True uncoloured teas hitherto unobtainable, are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. They combine purity, fine flavour, and lasting strength, and are much more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

POLICE COURTS

ROW STREET

OLEFENWELL

ROBBERY A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.—**COMMERCIAL**.—James Smith, 49 G, 19, but whose proper name is Hayden, was charged with stealing a coat from the shop of Mr. Liley, 28, Central-street, St. Luke's, value £1 5s. The prisoner was seen to go up to the shop of prosecutor and in the most daring manner take the coat in question from off the stand and walk off with it. He was followed and brought back and the coat taken from him and he was then given into custody. Mr. Barker, to the prisoner: Have you anything to say, or do you wish to ask the witnesses any questions? The prisoner, with great nonchalance: No, I have nothing to say. It is no use, the case must go to trial for you have no power to deal with it as I have previously been convicted of felony. You see I know a little of law, and I am sure you will find that I have been asked what was known of the previous character of the prisoner? Police-constable Rye, of G, said the prisoner at the station had given a false name and address, but he had ascertained that the prisoner's right name was Reynolds. The prisoner had been several times summarily convicted, and was then sent to the sessions and was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. Since he has been out—and he came out before the expiration of the period, having obtained a ticket of leave—he had associated with a most desperate gang of thieves, and has since been in custody and summarily convicted. The prisoner: Better to have than stay, I can get no work, and, if I am going to be sent to the prison, I shall get a comfortable suit of clothes, and was fat and sleek. Mr. Barker said it would be useless to waste words on such a fellow as the prisoner. He should send him to the Middlesex Sessions for trial, and he ordered that the previous convictions should be produced there. The prisoner was then removed smiling.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

FRIENDLY SOCIETY SKEWES—John Randall, secretary of the Sir Thomas Dallas Lodge of Odd Fellows, was summoned before Mr. Tyrwhitt for refusing to pay John Beattie the sum of 12s. the amount due for one week's sick money. Mr. Edward Lewis was for the complainant. Mr. Beattie, wife of the complainant, said her husband was a member of the Sir Thomas Dallas Lodge of Odd Fellows. He fell sick on the 22nd of February, and had continued ill ever since, being now in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. She gave notice to the secretary of the lodge, and made application for the allowance, but had been refused on the ground that her husband was "out of the limits." Mr. Edward Lewis said that the words "out of the limits" meant that a member owed more than fourteen weeks' subscription. The secretary said the complainant paid the four or five weeks cost, but the payment did not take place until two days after the expiration of the time. Consequently, he was not entitled to claim the sick allowance. Mr. Lewis said that by the 33rd rule any brother not more than fourteen weeks in arrears should be entitled to 12s. per week. In this case the 15th week had not been completed, and hence the complainant was within the limits and entitled to the 12s. a week. There was another circumstance to be noticed—that the society had been notified of the illness of the complainant five days after the expiration of the fourteen weeks. Mr. Tyrwhitt said the complainant was clearly entitled to the allowance—money for sickness, and made an order to that effect. On the application of Mr. Lewis, the magistrate awarded him 6s. costs.

A RUSSIAN FURNISHED.—Wilhelm Dietz, described as a photographer, of the Rindsgasse, 28, who was charged with the murder of Mr. Tyrrhilt with violently assaulting a young woman named Hamburguer. The complainant, who gave her evidence through Mr. Albert, the interpreter, said that for the past eight months she had been living with the prisoner, at No. 13 Elmmond-street, Soho. The prisoner compelled her to go into the streets to beg money, and if she did not succeed in doing so he was in the habit of beating her. In order to avoid his ill-usage yesterday she left the house and went to a friend's, but in consequence of his going there and making great disturbance she was obliged to leave. He walked about the streets for an hour, and the whole time the prisoner followed him, being an insidious and annoying her. She told him to leave her, as she could not keep him any longer, and she would give him a push him. Upon this the prisoner struck her several violent blows on the arm and head and knocked her down constant times then came up, and she gave the prisoner into custody. In answer to the prisoner the complainant said he forced her to go on the streets; that she did not keep an open razor to cut his throat, but that he kept pistols to shoot her; and that she had not killed or wounded a sweetheart in Germany. A young man named Parrel proved seeing the prisoner strike the female, and a blow which fell her to the ground. Justice G. said he noticed the female push the prisoner, and the prisoner then struck her. He entered into a long defence, in the course of which he said that he had received a medal of merit from the King of Prussia, and that he had become acquainted with the female in Cologne, and came to this country with her.

WORSHIP-STREET

A TRADESMAN OMBUSSED WITH SHAMING.—Mr. William Grant Liddaman, wholesale jeweller in the City, was charged with knowingly uttering counterfeit money. John Charles Saunders, of Monmouth, ombussee on the case, said: "I was at 240, Strand, on the 21st inst. The prisoner rode in my omnibus to-day, between one and two o'clock. I took a shilling exchange to Hackney, and sat next the door. I let out two passengers at Hackney Church station, and the moment they were gone the prisoner handed me a shilling. Several others were in the omnibus at the time. I was standing on the board with my head above the roof, and I did not get down. I took his shilling in my right hand. I swear I did not put it into either of my pockets. I suspect it was a bad one by its feel, and put it into my mouth, and bent it. I told him it was a bad one, and offered to give him change if he would give me another. He replied, 'That is not the shilling I gave to you; you have changed it, and I will send for a policeman and have you searched.' The other passengers said nothing. He got out of the omnibus looked about, and said, 'Where is a policeman? I'll have you searched.' I said, 'You had better get in and go to the police-station,' and he did so. I drove him about 150 yards, and there I saw a constable and gave him in charge. I said on the way that I did not wish to press the charge though I suspected the shilling was bad. On the 23rd inst. I was on duty at the station on other business when this charge was brought in, and heard the sergeant there say before it was entered that he did not like the shilling, but that he thought it had better be settled. It was suggested that the prisoner should give another shilling, but he refused to do so, saying he wanted the matter fully investigated, and he was then given in charge. Other witnesses confirmed this evidence. The prisoner said, I got into the prosecutor's omnibus between one and two last afternoon at the Royal Exchange to take me to Hackney, and as it went out got filled. Two persons got on after me, one of whom took a place opposite me. On reaching St Thomas's square, he handed the conductor a shilling. The conductor refused to take it, said it was a bad one, and returned it. The prisoner said, 'Why I took that shilling this morning while going down by a bus, but he took back the shilling, gave the conductor another, and received his change. I had to get out at Mr. Bolton's, a jeweller's, and at this unpleasant affair had occurred I was very particular in looking at the shilling I gave the prosecutor, which was a one of George III. The prosecutor said the shilling was a bad one, and that he would not take it. He wanted to return me the coin that is now produced. I told him it was not the one I had given him, and as I thought it strange that two gentlemen in one I surmised should be charged with passing bad money, I refused to give him another, and wanted to have him searched. This I wanted also at the station, after he had charged me, and I also wished to make a charge against him, but he was allowed to go out of the place without being searched at all. A Mr. Cole and another witness said the prisoner was a most respectable man, in extensive business, and in such a position as to render it absurd to suppose he would commit such an act. The prosecutor said he did not say the first gentleman's shilling was a bad one; it was battered and defaced, but good. He was then ordered by the magistrate to turn on all his silver from his pockets, which he did, and the witness pronounced all the pieces he saw to be good. Mr. Partridge (to the prisoner): I discharge you without the slightest penalty, and I am sure you will not again offend. As the shilling was a bad one, and as you should not have given into to-day the whole proceeding against you has been improper, and I feel like you have your remedy against the prosecutor by action for false imprisonment. I much fear that bad money is but too frequently passed by omnibus men upon their passengers; I do not wish to charge the prosecutor with doing so, but I am afraid it is very much done."

THE POOR NEEDLEWOMAN.—Elizabeth Rider, aged 31, and of attenuated appearance, was charged before Mr. Partridge with stealing two pieces of linen, value sixpence, and on suspicion of stealing fourteen yards of binding, value one shilling and sixpence, such being the property of her employer, Samuel Baines, described as a tailor, living in St. Giles's. Prisoners had been remanded on this charge, and the actual evidence of the "stealing" was given by another workwoman, in the same service, named Elizabeth Blackwell. She said: I saw the prisoner put three small pieces of linen in her pocket, but I did not tell the master. The tailor produced the "property"; it was about the length mentioned, but in two strips, such a would probably be picked up to bind round a cut finger. The magistrate manifestly doubted but that some private feeling actuated the charge against the woman; but this was denied, nor did it appear that there existed any. Prosecutor, however, asserted that he had misadvised the property frequently during the time prisoner worked for him. Mr. Partridge asked what was the circumstance that grounded suspicion of the other case of stealing. Prosecutor replied that the binding in question had been found beneath the counter at which the woman worked, and it had no right to be there. The "linen" was used as "stays" for the trouser-pocket, &c. Mr. Partridge severely questioned prosecutor as to his ability of swearing the linen was his property, and received for answer that the person from whom he purchased it, sold it expressly for such purposes and not any one else. The prisoner here said, "I never stole so much as a button from him (prosecutor)." He then told them that at any time she suspected he would search her, and he begged him to do so. Last Thursday he wanted me to remain at work until ten o'clock at night; and I asked him, "I could not stand it, as I had been there from half-past seven in the morning. Afterwards I agreed to remain until half-past nine. I was given into custody on that day—he has told me that I had too many followers for him, but it was only my husband who came backwads and forwards to me sometimes because he was out of work." Mr. Partridge: I have any evidence against this woman? Constable Lillifart 118 H. No, any, sir. Mr. Partridge: I discharge her. The poor seamstress's abode was mentioned on the charge sheet as at 14, Bath-row, Charles-square, Hoxton.

ATTENDED SCENE IN A WORKHOUSE.—John Jones, a poor miserable looking young man, dressed in the workhouse garb, was brought up to the bar, charged with attempting to commit suicide in St. Savien's Union Workhouse, Marlborough street, Blackfriars-road. The poor fellow seemed to be suffering from some mental disease, and was hardly able to stand in the dock. One of the wardens of the workhouse said that on Saturday night about nine o'clock, after the inmates had all retired to rest, he heard cries for help proceed from the adjoining sleeping ward, which he had partially charge of. He instantly jumped out of bed and proceeded there when he saw the prisoner hanging by the neck over his bedstead. He instantly procured a knife and cut him down, when he fell against the bedstead and injured his back. The magistrate asked if the witness bearing testimony to what had happened, and the warden means procured a pair of pliers, the head of which he had fastened to a beam over his head and used them to pull at the rope, and was tied tightly round his neck. He had then jumped off his bed, and had not witness set him down at the foot of it. He would have been strangled, as he was quite black in the face. The magistrate asked whether he had ever attempted such an act before. The witness thought that he had. He knew that he had several times said that he intended to hang himself one of these days. The magistrate gave him opinion that he was not in his right senses. Witness replied that he certainly was of weak intellect, and there was another thing; he had just got over a fever, and was under the doctor's hands. The magistrate asked the prisoner why he did it. Prisoner replied that he did not know the reason of his life. He must have had a mind diseased, the magistrate observed that it was quite clear the prisoner ought to be looked after more closely, and there was an armed firm in the workhouse. He did not feel himself justified in releasing such a poor fellow to prison. He directed the officer to take him back to the workhouse, with a request that the medical officer examine the state of his mind, and have him properly taken care of. He had no doubt at all that his mind was impaired. The poor fellow was then given up to the workhouse authorities, thanking his worship for his kind interference.

the work. **MRS. HOSEA CROCKETT**—Robert Fuller, a coal merchant at Holloway was charged before Mr. Cooke, at the instance of Mr. William Love, chief officer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with the above offence. Sinclair, employed by the society, said he saw a man driving a horse drawing, or attempting to draw a cart laden with coal along Hoxton. Beneath the saddle there was a large lump of coal that had swollen, in consequence of the horse's kicking it and in that state causing the animal considerable pain, as might be seen by its movements. Sinclair said in the first instance was a description of stielia, but had extended six inches in length. The horse was also tame and very old, quite unfit to drive, much more to work. The driver said that he knew all about it and so did his master. He, Sinclair, considered it one of the worst cases he had ever seen; at least a pint of water had ended the case. He said he could have placed his finger in the horse's mouth. Even the veterinary surgeon, under whose care it was, appeared ashamed of the animal's condition. He was entirely exonerated the driver, but assured the court he was aware the horse was in such a state. He knew it had been very bad, but believed it better. Of course it should be killed. Mr. Cooke said it was the duty of the owner to personally see to and know whether his horse was fit for use. It was no satisfaction to say, "It shall be killed," and promise never made until the animal had really proved to be a society's officer. Independent of the animal being killed, a fine of 20s. would be inflicted on the driver, if it is on the driver.

THAMES

A TROUBLE-SOME SUTOR—Thomas Hanson, a solemn-looking man, about 35 years of age, the manager of a common-lodger-house, in Gower's walk, Whitechapel, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with demolishing the shutters of the parlor window of Mrs. Ann Webb, a widow, No. 7, Gower's-row. The complainant, inquired, and said the prisoner had been paying his addresses to her daughter, who owing to his drunken and dissipated habits she rejects of his advances, and determined not to marry him, or have anything to do with him. Mr. Paget: A very wise resolve on the part of the young woman. Mrs. Webb continued: Mr. Hanson came on Saturday night after I and my daughter had gone to bed. He demanded an interview with her. He was refused admission and then kicked loudly at the door, and tried to break it down. He failed, and then procured a shovel, and broke in the shutters and would have entered the house if he had not been prevented by the police. The shutters could not be repaired. They were completely broken up and an entirely new pair was required. Kate Webb, a very quiet and interesting looking girl, like her mother in deep mourning, confirmed her statement, and said she was fast asleep when the prisoner began to knock at the door. She looked out of the window and saw people dragging him away. She then came down stairs and opened the door. On peeping out she saw him with a shovel leaving the adjoining house. She closed the door again and went up-stairs and called for the police. The prisoner had threatened her, and said he would attempt to be hung for her. Mr. Paget: Oh, no, he won't, unless you are foolish enough to hang him. Witness: I will not do that. I have thrown him up at consequence. Mr. Hanson had drunk and habits. Mr. Paget: Very glad to hear that a drunken husband is very bad. Nothing can be worse. Knos Parrott, a police-constable, No. 55 H, said he saw the prisoner in Gower's walk, at half-past twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and he was a furious passion, and surrounded by a disorderly mob. He took the prisoner into custody, and he acted in a very turbulent manner, and said he only wanted to see the young woman. Mr. Paget sentenced the prisoner to pay 16s. the price of new shutters, and a fine of 20s. in addition, or be imprisoned fourteen days.

Tex Kurr—Wm. Riley, an Irishman, belonging to the ship Rine, lying in the Shadwell basin of the London Dock, was charged with stabbing Hannah Graham. The complainant stated that on Saturday night she was with her husband, who had been drinking. She was searching for the key of her door when the prisoner met her in the street. He took hold of her by the shoulders and turned her round. She asked him what he did that for, when he said, "Go home!" and pushed her husband. She told him not to do that. He then hit her on the head with his fist, and made three or four attempts to kick her. A young woman came up and asked her why she did not go in doors to which she replied, "I have not got my key." The young woman lent her a key, and when it she opened the street door of her house. She went in and lighted a candle. Her husband was then at the door, and the prisoner tried to enter the house and kick her. She said to him, "There is no one here that you want," she tried to go to her husband in, and the prisoner took up a knife and she felt herself stabbed. She was sure it was the prisoner who stabbed her, because he was the only one who interfered with her. Her dress and petticoat were cut through. She believed he struck at her body. Sarah Outter, of 4, Palmer's-ally, stated that she saw the prisoner draw his knife and strike the woman in the passage of her house. Elizabeth Whately gave similar evidence. Mr. Daniel Ross, of High-street, said that she saw the prisoner call to her to get the postscript to the station-house in King David-lane, stabbed on Saturday night. There was an incised wound on the right forearm, two and a half inches in length, and penetrating to the bone. In answer to Mr. Smith, the witness said that a cut on the wrist was inflicted. The wound was too long to be a stab. Edward Dillon, a police-sergeant, No. 19, K, said that when he took the prisoner into custody on Saturday night there was blood upon him. He found a sailor's common sheath-knife on the prisoner. The prisoner said: She has not spoken these words of the truth. I had only left my ship four hours. Mr. Paget committed the prisoner for trial.

Page committed the prisoner for trial. Extraordinary cases of this kind—Henrich Jeldmeier, a sugar baker who was brought before the court on the seventh of June, charged with stabbing John Bryan, the night of Saturday, the 6th of February last. Mr. Partrick took the deposition of the wounded man at the London Hospital on Saturday, the 27th of February, and in the presence of the prisoner, who is a German, and has only recently left his native country. Partrick hoped indeed were then entertained of Bryan's recovery. He identified Jeldmeier as the person who stabbed him with a knife in the right shoulder in the Cannon-street-road on the night of the 7th ult. Several witnesses have also given evidence and stated they saw Bryan stabbed by the German, but the origin of the quarrel has not been divulged. Bryan is a notoriously bad character, and has been frequently in custody, and it is supposed that he gave the German some great provocation. The wound was a very severe one, but it has been nearly healed, and it is believed the patient would be likely to recover if a disease of a formidable nature had not supervened. Bryan has been for a long time a very dissipated and drunken man, and soon after his admission to the hospital for this disease, "insanity" occurred, and he is now being treated for that disease. Inspector Roberts, of the K division said he had seen Bryan in the hospital that morning. He was in a very low state, but Mr. Hunter, the house surgeon, said he might recover, and banded to him the following certificate:—"London Hospital, March 15th, 18 4.—This is to certify that John Bryan was admitted into this hospital on February 7th, with incised wound of shoulder, and is now suffering from blood poisoning, and is still in a very dangerous state.—R. BROUSS, House Surgeon." Mr. Paget again remanded the prisoner until Tuesday next.

SOUTHWARK.

GARRETT ROBERTS—John Leary, a powerful-looking young man, was placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych, charged with being concerned with another man not in custody for assaulting and robbing James Knight, 71, prosecutor, a journeyman, who said that about two o'clock on a Saturday night he was proceeding along Snow's-fields towards home, when he entered a house, and there saw the prisoner and a tall, big Irishman, with whom he fell into conversation. He remained there for a short time, and as he was passing up Ship and Mermaid-row, the prisoner and the tall man rushed suddenly upon him. The prisoner pressed him backwards, while the tall man seized him by the throat and nearly throttled him. At the same time his pockets were rifled, and he was thrown down. He got up immediately, and finding that he had been robbed of his purse, containing £16s., he went in pursuit of the ruffian, and on the way met with a police constable. He told the latter what had occurred, and accompanied him in search of the men, and as soon as they turned the corner into Snow's-fields, he saw the prisoner, and gave him into custody as one of the men who had robbed him. The prisoner pleaded that he had been taken all about the robbery. The magistrate, the prosecutor said he was certain the prisoner was the man who pulled him backwards, while the other seized him by the throat, and said, "If you attempt to call out, I gauge your eyes out." Mr. Woolrych observed that he should remand the prisoner for a few days, in order to give the police an opportunity of finding his really companion.

ILLEGALLY PLEDGED LEATHER BY A LEATHER DRESSER—SUSPICIOUS CASE.—John William, a leather-dresser, of Bermondsey, appeared before Mr. Woolrich, on remand, to answer the charge of unlawfully pledging a large quantity of leather, valued at nearly £80, entrusted to him to finish the property of Mr. W. Preston, a hide and leather merchant, 54 Grange walk, Bermondsey. Mr. Bartlett, from the office of Mr. Swan, prosecutor, and Mr. W. Edwin appeared for the defendant. This case was one of a very complicated nature, having been three times before the magistrate. It appeared that for some time the defendant had been in the habit of finishing hides for the prosecutor, receiving his orders from Messrs. Radford's factors. The latter got into difficulties, and on examining the books of the firm it was discovered that the defendant had received hides and leather worth about £80 to finish which had not been returned. In making further inquiries the leather was found pledged at Messrs. Mostoga and Co.'s saw-brokers', in Southwark where they had been deposited by the defendant. Mr. Preston, on being examined by Mr. Edwin, said that Messrs. Radford, also factors, were his moles, and he believed they were bankrupts. He knew that the defendant had a claim for finishing the leather in question, and he told witnesses that if that claim was satisfied he would instantly give up all the leather. Mr. Edwin, for the defendant, admitted the pledging the goods as he could not get the money for the work performed. He looked to Radford for payment, and as he had no cash, he was obliged to do it. It looked very much as if there was some agreement to do him out of his money. Mr. Woolrich asked how much was due to the defendant? Mr. Edwin replied a sum of £20. He now informed his worship that all the goods had been restored to Mr. Preston's; therefore he hoped his worship would give his client to receive the amount due to him. Mr. Woolrich was very satisfied that Mr. Preston was the owner of the goods, and the defendant had no authority from him to pledge the goods. As they had been restored he thought the defendant was entitled to something, therefore he should order the complainant to pay him £10 as satisfaction for all demands. That arrangement having been concurred in the parties left the court.

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER XL.

MRS FISHER RECEIVES A CHEQUE WHICH SHE CAN'T ANSWER.

Now, on that eventful ninth of June, and before Mrs Fisher and Skiggs had finished their friendship for ever, Jessie Macfarlane had found time to cry.

By the way, have we said that Jessie had changed her quarters? She had gone over to Mrs O'Gogarty.

Olivia had no establishment to offer her after the occupation of the Residency; and so, after the Scotch lassie had made herself useful for two or three days about the hospital, or with any one who would accept her services, she was very glad to work under the flag of Mrs. Colonel O'Gogarty.

It is true that the work to which she had accustomed herself during the occupation of the Residency went on all the same after her appointment as before; for, indeed, Mrs. O'Gog had no need of a maid at present, being, in fact, a hard-working servant herself; but Jessie was very glad, in the cool Scotch way, to know that she belonged to some household—or rather, tenthold—and at this desire the warm-hearted Irishwoman guessed, and did her best for her.

Now, we have not talked much about Jess since she has been in the Residency; but it does not follow that she has been idle.

To speak the truth she had never been more industrious in the whole course of her bright life.

But it would not interest the reader to peruse chapter after chapter of particulars as to how Jessie treated the sick. This work is that which most tends to make woman almost holy; but a narration of such a performance does not read well in a story-book.

It was only at odd times that Jessie could get out and taste a little of as fresh air as there was, and a little of what quiet could be found; and it was just precisely on this morning of the 9th of June that she got a few moments' liberty, and set to work to make use of them.

Now Mrs. O'Gog, when telling her to go out then and look for some fresh air, had taken a newspaper from her pocket, and told Jessie to amuse herself with that.

So far, on the 9th of June, newspapers were not such rarities that any given copy was read to pieces.

The in and outgoing Indian menials brought those journals willingly, for they sold them at good prices.

Jessie, then, took her newspaper, and went out for a little quiet, and a bit of read.

Coming upon a tree—by this time much scarred and very ragged in consequence of the shot from the enemy that had struck it—she sat down, and opened the paper.

Well, as it was an Indian paper, as it contained local news, and as Barty Sanderson was at Allahabad, it is not an extraordinary fact that she should look first for the news from Allahabad.

It was just two minutes after she had opened the paper that Tim Flat, off duty for an hour or so, came that way.

He has not been taxed with a purpose in directing his road so that he came upon Jessie; but there can be little doubt he was thoroughly well aware that she had gone over the ground he was treading. In fact, Tim Flat was always on the look-out for Jessie.

When he came up to her the honest Cockney was quite shocked, as he saw that Jess was crying, and that the newspaper which lay in her lap was all spotted and blistered with tears.

"My eye, Jessie!" said the full corporal, expressing himself in that London court language which is not the fashion of St. James's,—"whatever is up?"

She did not hear him.

"Jessie," he said, putting his hand lightly on her shoulder.

She started—looked up.

And seeing who it was, strange to say, Jessie Macfarlane did not look pleased.

"Eh, now—I dinnot wish to see ye."

"Why, Jess, whatever is the matter—anybody been wexing of you?"

"No, Tim, I'm no fashed, boot I'm just broken-airted—and that's all."

"Why, lor' bless me, Jessie—whatever is the matter?"

"Eh, Tim, dinnot play double-faced. Ye ken as well as I do that ye thought Barty's just amongst the cold laddies, and ye've cam wi' your hairt jist in your mouth, man?"

"Wisher-may-die," said Tim Flat, "if I kens, as you call it, whatever you do mean."

"What, ha'e ye no read the paper?"

"Wisher-may—never!"

"Well, man, there's the journal," said Jessie, handing over the paper she had received from Mrs. O'Gogarty.

"Wisher may—hang if I can unnerstan' it."

"Hey, 'Tim, man," said Jessie, bursting into tears again, but speaking in softer accents than before, "ye cannot deny ye're cam for his pair o' shoes (a)."

"Pair o' what?" says Corporal Tim.

"Shoes," said Jessie. "Gif ye dinnot ken what I remark, 'tis maist a pity ye come to hear what I had to say."

Now all this carping was very unlike Jessie Macfarlane, as every one will admit who has followed that Scotch heroine to Lucknow.

"I gie ye fair warning, Tim Flat, that I'll good as go into weeds for the pair lad if he's no more; an' so ye'll jist comprehend that."

"But what on hearth—"

He had got as far as this dreadful word "hearth" in his inquiry, when she stopped him by the raising of her forefinger (for that matter she could have turned his well-shaped body round and round with her little finger at any moment).

"Corporal Flat," said she, "read the wofu' news under the head Allahabad."

"Tim being now enlightened, his face cleared, and he looked for the wofu' news under the Allahabad heading."

He found it, and with a stumble here, and a recovery there just as he was about to be floored, he read as follows:—

"ALLAHABAD.—The news from this district is at once cheering and alarming. Under the spirited command of Sir Henry Havelock, all open manifestations of disaffection have been annihilated; but the health of the troops is far from satisfactory. Strange to say, the Highlanders appear to be especially suffering from dysentery and cholera. More than half the effective force of Highlanders, at Allahabad, are reported under medical care; and the deaths were, at the date of the last despatches, daily increasing. It should be added that this news has arrived neither in an official nor direct shape, and we, therefore publish it with all due reserve (b)."

"Ho!" says Corporal Tim, having finished.

"Weel?" says Jessie.

"Well, I don't see, Jess, what you've got to complain about."

"Hey, now, is na the pair lad praps dead?"

"Why, I don't see it," says Tim; and common honesty compels us to admit that his face had a useful impression upon it. You cannot expect a man to be very joyful in convincing himself that a rival, however friendly you may be with him, is alive. "Why, I don't see it, for the which, seeing it says only half is on the sick-list."

"It says more than half," says precise Jessie—after the exact manner of your Scotchies.

"Well, praps one or two," says Tim. "Anyhow, a man ain't dead as is only sick; and if 'arf the ridgment was dead, 'e might be in the other 'arf; and if three-quarters o' the ridgment was dead, 'e might be in the other quarter; and if all the 'ighlanders was dead except one, 'e might be the other one. 'Roole Britannia, Britannia rooles the waves.' Not, Jessie, that I means to be jifal, far from that; but when I sees you weepin' for him, and a knowing there's no call for weeping for him—"

"But may be he'll be in the other half," says Jessie, wiping her poor little eyes on a blue-and-white check pocket-handkerchief.

"—for him," says Tim, indignantly going on; "why when I sees these here things, I'm naturally hup, I am; I'm hup in my temper, and I can't help saying . . . Oh dear, Jess, do leave off a-howlin', or by the blessed jingo I shall go a breakin' down to."

No, a Scotch lass has generally a sharp sense of the ridiculous; and it struck Jess in a moment that, for a third party to see the other two on the road to dissolving in tears would lead to much regimental jeering.

This was what Jess could not stand.

So she cheered up directly, and between everybody and myself it is my impression that Tim Flat had done Jessie a great deal of good, and, in his Cockney English way, done her an amazing deal of good.

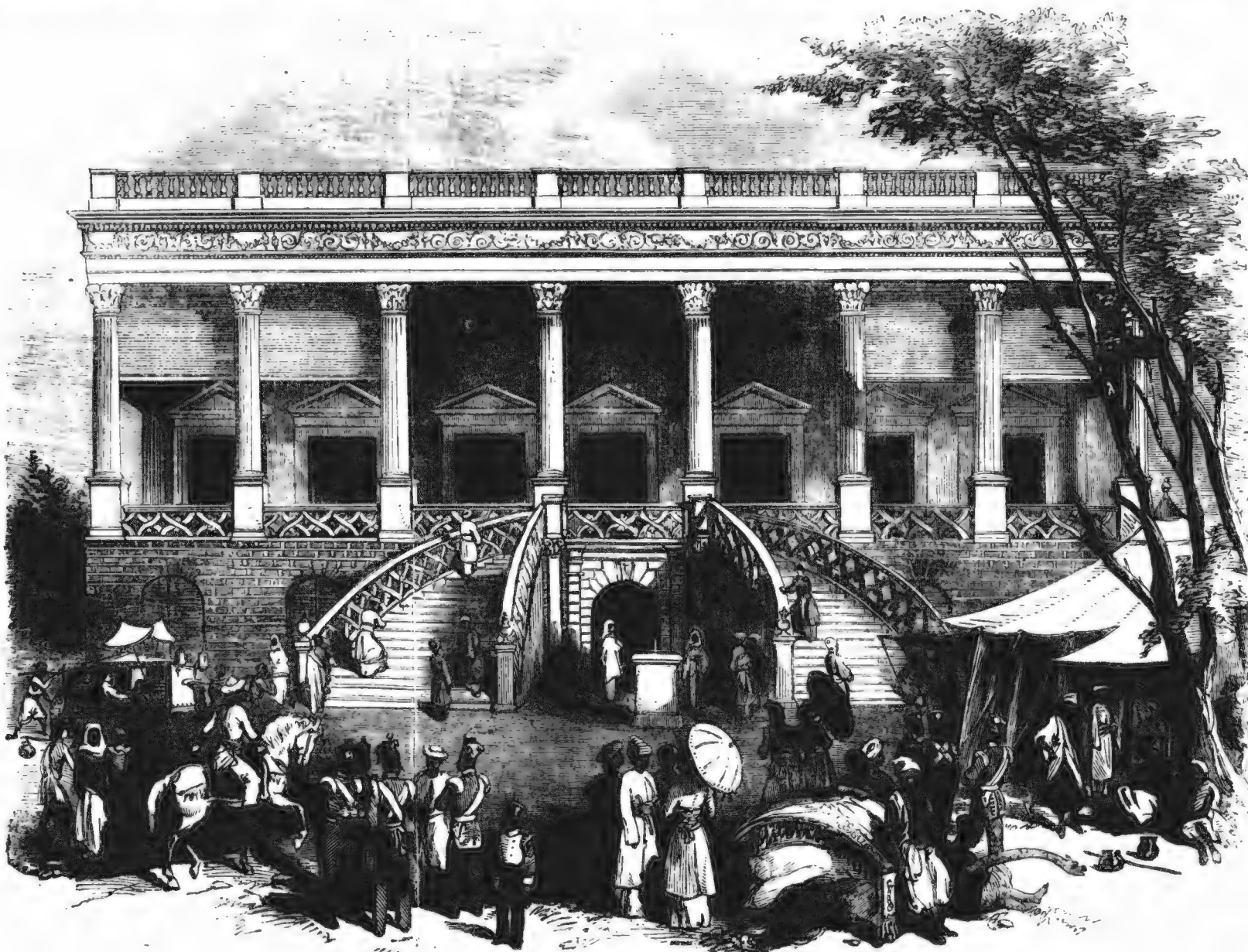
I wonder now whether she could have loved him? Whether after any length of time she could have loved him as well as she loved Barty Sanderson?

Why, none can tell.

But there is no doubt about this, that she liked Tim better than any other (English) man, and was very satisfied that he allowed

(a) By the way, our Scotch readers will allow us to remark, that if Jessie frequently talks in poor English, instead of rich Scotch, perhaps we are not to be blame. When it is remembered that the Scots who get past the Tweed generally do adopt a number of English phrases. Again, if we used pure brae Glasgow, our English readers would never understand our chapters, and we hold to it, that they must understand all Jessie says.

(b) It should be said here that though illness appeared amongst the Highlanders at Allahabad, it was of a character very different from that distinguishing the above quotation. Neither were its ravages of a very extended character. The paragraph in question is a good example of that panic-exaggeration which is always rife in times of danger and anxiety.



BANK OF DELHI. (See page 638.)

unpleasant people momentarily to spoil the countenance of better folk than themselves.

Jessie was too prudent to hate anybody, but she would confess that she "didn't love Steggs."

"Which," says Mrs. Pinto's maid, "I am fortunate indeed, havin' a desire, as I may say, to see you, Miss Farlane."

"Which," says Steggs, "I'm too well brought up to use Chris-

tian names, and droppin' such outlandish words as 'Miss Farlane' to people are in civillised society, Miss Farlane—but not that I was a

goin' to say, being about to remark that which Mrs. Fisher, the

sergeant's wife, have said the most c'umious things of you, Miss

Farlane, and remarking on 'yesterday, after seein' the paper, that

if not to wear weeds if the Scotch gentleman died—which I never

can remember them outlandish names—she ought by nature if not

by law."

Jessie caught the meaning of these words with that rapidity

which is generally associated with an ability to understand the

exact meaning of what has been said behind our backs.

Jessie blushed like Aurora for two moments, mostly because

Barty's would-be successor was present, and then she spoke.

"Did Mrs. Fisher say it to ye?"

"Which I would make a buffedary of it," says Steggs, very

briskly.

"Then 'twas just said to me person, and I shall think me on

it. Tim Flat, lad, ye can be coming."

This was a hint to Miss Steggs. She gave another salute—like

a still more polite balloon than the previous one—and then she

turned, with fashionable contempt, and walked away.

Now, in reaching the spot where Jessie and Tim had the inter-

view we have described, neither had passed the camp of the

Fishers.

But, inasmuch as Jessie would not return home by the same way,

it being the nearest, and, therefore, that path justifiably open to

Miss Steggs, it chanced that Jessie Macfarlane and the corporal

had to pass that cheerful locality while making the detour which

was to lead them back to duty.

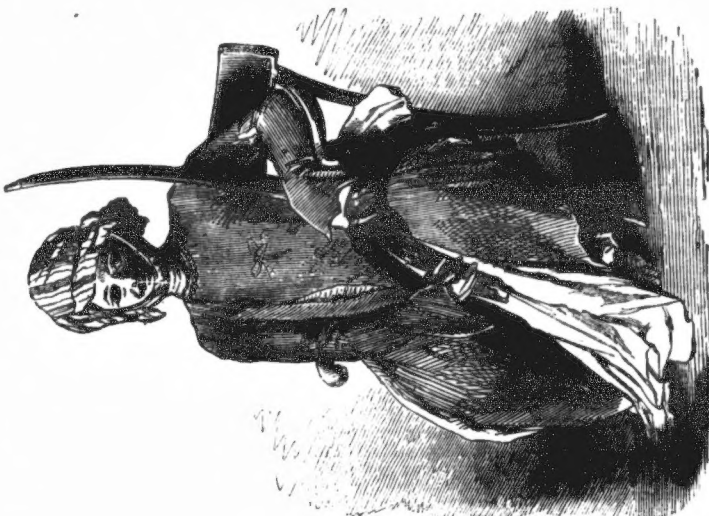
Jessie had no idea of challenging the female Fisher. She had

quite given her up, and could feel nothing but pity for her; and

already the benign influence of suffering was so vast within Jessie

Macfarlane that she had partly forgotten Miss Steggs' remarks as

she and Tim passed the opening of the Fisher tent.



MAHRATTA CHIEF. (See page 638.)



MAHRATTA CHIEF. (See page 638.)

her to patronise him, and fetch and carry for her like a dog in regi-
mentals; perhaps, too, she was grateful to him even at that early
period of the siege, and even at that point in their mutual troubles,
began to look upon him as a younger kind of brother. For you
know a woman may be thoroughly faithful to one man, and yet
honestly enough be very grateful to a second for falling in love
with her, and persistently refusing to fall out.

Anyhow, there can be no doubt about this, that Jessie folded the
blue-and-white handkerchief in two, four, eight, sixteen; and then
said, awkwardly, "True, ye're a very good young man; and I will
pointedly say, gin I had a sister like ye, there's no a lad in all
the army o' Great Britain I would sooner see her the good wife o'—
for ye're a vera honest, consoling, comfortable laddie."

"That's right, my gal," says Tim; and so saying, he clapped his
right hand round her waist, in a most respectable and brotherly kind
of way, and with no idea of poaching on Barty Sanderson's
rights.

"An' a precious laddie," adds Jessie, in a precise voice, at this
point. And, so saying, she unbooks the girdle Tim has made of
his stonish right arm.

"All right, Jess; on'y as you talked about sister, you know, why
I thought I was just a brother, you know."

"Ey, man; but I've no sister."

"Ha," says Tim, who did not want for brains if he did for

English,—"ha, that means as I ain't to consider myself a brother."

And it was at this exact moment that Miss Steggs bore in

sight.

The fair creature had come straight—as straight as her outraged

feelings would permit her—from the Fishers' tent. In all pro-

bability the soap was still lodged in her "crinoline," as young

Job had called it, if, indeed, that deplorable cake of brown Windsor

had gone off with her.

Miss Steggs afterwards said there was more in it than chance,

or how should it happen that she should thus come upon Jessie and

her defender even before "she'd a done a-bushin' at the honours

of a Jubelina Fisher." Indeed, she went the length of saying she

had been "favored."

"Go d' morning," said Steggs to Jessie, looking like a police

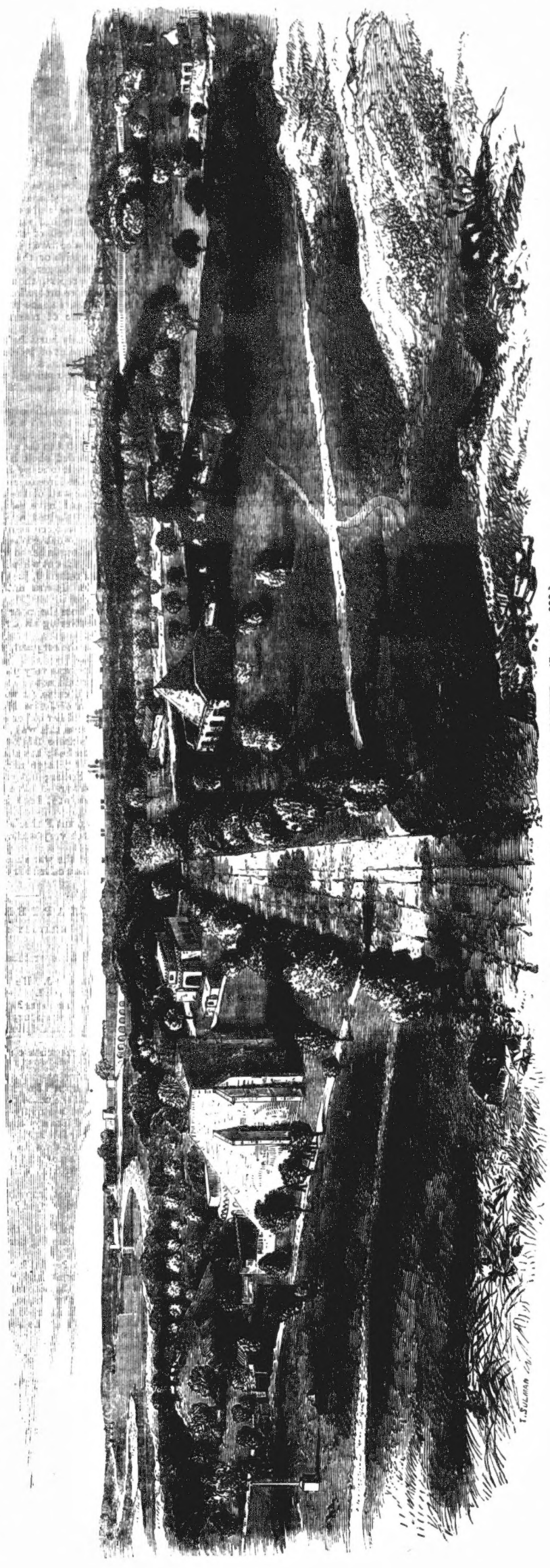
balloon; for, to confess the truth, the moment the Locknow troubles

began Steggs's hoop commenced to extend. In fact, she said,

"Dis I say, but in the fashion."

Now as Miss Steggs said "good morning," Jessie, during the

pace of one moment, looked ugly; for it is within the province of



DELHI, FROM THE FLAG-STAFF TOWER. (See page 638.)

She had no idea of entering, nor had she any idea that Fisher meant to rush out, which she almost immediately did.

Why?

Dear readers, a rat is a cowardly animal. The least noise will frighten him—a straw will make him tremble; and he is only brave in the presence of a smaller rat, or of an old, weak, ailing one. He is altogether a horrible animal. But if you chase him into a blind passage or a corner, trembling all over, showing the whites of his eyes and all his teeth, he will fly at you in sheer cowardice, because he is too cowardly to wait for your attack.

Well, that was just Jubelina's case.

Skeggs' throat ringing in her ears, she no sooner saw Jessie and "her linesman," as she called Tim, approaching, than, fearing the consequences, in fact, being in a corner, metaphorically, she flew at Jessie Macfarlane.

Now there had been a rather touching little scene going on in the Fisher tent, and this Jubelina had at once dissipated.

Such a touching scene was never, never to take place in the tent of the Fishers again.

A natural retribution was at hand, and hovering over the wretched woman.

The fact is, that human nature is human nature; and that young Job, though a capital son, could not always avoid the consciousness of the great victory he had obtained over his mother—I allude to the snuffers.

In fact, Mrs. Fisher was a woman who forced people to disrespect her, whether they desired it or not; and, of course, as her children were after the ordinary pattern of the world, it was certain in time they must come to disrespect her also—even though they did it blushing.

Young Job, though his head did not come very much up above a high table, was rapidly approaching this condition of things, and his father, like the honest colour-sergeant he was, foreseeing this necessity, was determined to do his duty, come what might, and keep the boy as near a sense of duty as possible.

Happily, the time was coming very quickly when Sergeant Fisher was not to have such hard domestic work of it.

To return to the morning in question.

Skeggs had not left the tent of the Fisher's two minutes, when Jubelina (and as the sergeant came into the tent with the air of a thrashed Newfoundland dog)—when Jubelina, whose only apparent excuse was a slight kick on the part of her Jerry, dropped down upon that miserable little creature with the palm of her hand, as he lay on her lap (ready for that application of brown Windsor which was never to be effected), and in the exact attitude of a swimmer.

As little Jerry began to roar, little Job, mending his personal property at the other end of the tent, calls out, "Oh, what a shame!"

This comment the poor sergeant heard. What with one thing and another, that soldier was beginning to look somewhat worn.

"Job," said he, sitting down near his son, "what was that you said?"

"Please, father, mother hit our Jerry for nothing at all."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, because it was for nothing at all."

Then the sergeant began his little sermon.

"Job," said he, "always respect your parents; because why, then, you will not always have with you, and look at their grave, then, you may, or think of 'em if in foreign parts they be, without hanging your head or looking out of a troubled eye. Job, my boy, these be times when anybody may be knocked over, woman or man—and the Lord only knows how we shall get through these our troubles. But these our troubles, young Job, and all our troubles son Job, will be light if you stick to dooty, my boy, of which the first is honour your father and mother that you may have a clear conscience, and look out fair at the world, my lad. Come what may, always honour us, for remember, Drummer Fisher, that you can't have no more than one pair of 'em. Well, what do you say, now?"

"Please, father, I always honour you, I does," says young Job, rubbing the cuff of his coat over his eyes with some rapidity, as though something had got quick into them.

"That you do, my boy," says the sergeant, practically admitting that he was not admonishing the boy on his own account.

"And please, father," says the drummer, "I always honours mother, I does."

And to this remark it is to be regretted that Sergeant Fisher returned a deplorably Jesuitical answer.

"I know you will always honour your mother," says the sergeant; and he is so horror-stricken by his own immense humbug, that he looks in a hard, set manner at the canvas wall of the tent.

"And now, young Job, beg your dear mother's pardon."

There was a silence for a few moments, during which time love was smothering a sense of justice. For, my dear madam, an honest boy when he tries to judge rightly, is not such a fool as to fancy he must be wrong, when he believes he has remarked injustice in the conduct even of one who should be, and is perhaps, dearest to him.

Then the boy spoke awkwardly, and very differently from the way in which he assured his father he always honoured him.

"Please, mother, I beg your pardon verry much."

Now, Mrs. Fisher had during this time been washing the sobbing Jerry in a jerky manner, which could not have been comfortable to the victim. Well, when young Job begged her pardon, somehow she softened for a moment, and she said in an almost gentle voice, "All right, Job, my boy! You and me understand each other—we do."

"That's right, mother," says the sergeant, in a grave, solemn voice. "Now we're as it should be. You see, you hurt your mother, my boy; for the sergeant suffered so much himself, he thought she must sometimes herself suffer."

Then the sergeant began putting his son through an examination in such trained military knowledge as an earnest, straightforward sergeant would suppose his son, when destined to the service, should know, and as early in life as possible; and this investigation went on for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, perhaps.

Many and many a time the boy remembered his mother's kind words (the kind words she was in the habit of uttering were so few and far between that it was no very great effort of memory on the part of her eldest to retain them)—many a time, and they did the good office of kind words—they strengthened the heart of the lad while they softened it. "All right, Job, my boy! You and me understand each other—we do."

Mrs. Fisher was not to have many more opportunities of doing good in the way the poorest and meanest amongst us can trace—the benefit of good words.

And she had herself to thank for it.

"It was to be," said Mrs. Maloney; but, even that kind-hearted woman was wrong when she made the remark.

Mrs. Fisher gave herself no chance. Give her this credit, that if she had shown little mercy to others in her lifetime, she dealt herself out in her great emergency little more.

To return to facts.

That twenty minutes' examination was drawing to an end, when Mr. Fisher saw the approach of Jessie Macfarlane and her "linesman," Flat. Supposing that the Macfarlane had come for vengeance, after the manner of the cat, to which reference has been made, she dropped her Jerry on a mattress, and flew out at the door with a way on her which was terrific to behold.

The boy Job's face changed directly. Under the influence of the father's catechism, the boy's face had become very bright and soft. His countenance changed in a moment.

Indeed, in contemplating the influence of the father and mother

over the boy, an observer might readily have likened the double influence to the beautiful Mahomedan myth, which declares that two spirits accompany each human being through life—one (the good spirit) sitting on his right shoulder; and the other (the bad genius) planted on the left. In the case of young Job, I urge very eagerly that the father was the good angel; but it is with some degree of reluctance that I compare the mother to the bad angel. But so it was, and a sense of the fit must not be allowed to veil a truth. Proverbs are not always wise; but the one which declares "a fact to be a stubborn thing" has some sound common sense to recommend it.

To get on—Jubelina rushed out of the family tent, scattering Job's better thoughts, as wind will sweep shreds of hay just put together, and giving that rattlesnake-like warning of hers—I mean the smacking together of her bony hands—she calls out, "Well you baggage, you baggage; and I'll say it again, again, you hussy—you—"

Whatever the word was to have been no one in this mortal world was to learn, for at that moment a shell burst over our Fisher friends, over Jessie, and over Jessie's corporal cavalier.

If the unhappy woman had remained where she was, no harm (as far as she herself judged of harm) had happened to her. But we have said she was a coward; and so, just as the ostrich, when it pushes its head into a bush or the sand believes that it is safe, because it cannot see its danger, so Jubelina always made for her tent when she heard a report, though she must have known that the canvas was no more protection from a scrap of shell or from a round shot than a sheet of tissue-paper would have been.

But what is the use of reasoning with the very panic of cowardice?

The shell had evidently burst before its intended time. It exploded at the highest point of its elevation, and therefore very far above the heads of the Fishers.

As I have said, had she remained where she had been standing at the moment of the report all would have been well, as far as she was concerned.

Her attempt to escape was the cause of her misfortune.

As she turned to the tent, with a scream which echoed the explosion, a fragment of spent shell struck her sideways on the mouth, and then ricocheted to the ground, hurting nobody else.

A piece of the exploded shell had struck the trunk of a tree behind the tent, broken into many fragments and splinters, one of which, acted upon by the force of repulsion, struck away from the tree, passed through the wall of the tent, over the heads of the old and young Jobs, and, as I have said, hit Mrs. Fisher sideways on the mouth. Thence it shivered away to the ground, in which it barely embedded itself, its force being wholly spent.

Perhaps, may I know, that Fisher had muttered to himself, as Jubelina rushed out and began her harangue, "This woman is as bad as degradation to the ranks; but when he saw her struck, in a moment all the old love for her returned, just as on the day when he took her for better or worse. It was not too much of the former, as matters turned out.

Blood was rushing from the poor woman's lips, and though she did not fall, she was quivering all over like a bird which has been shot, but not mortally.

"Mother dear," says the sergeant, very white in the face, "keep up; it's only a scratch."

As for young Job, he was very pale, and did not move, for the simple reason that he could not.

When Phil Effingham came, (it was Tim Flat who fetched him, at the quick suggestion of Jessie Macfarlane, who was the good Samaritan who staunch her old enemy's blood.)—when the doctor had made his examination this was his report to the sergeant outside the tent:—"She's more frightened than hurt—only a tooth gone, and upper lip smashed; but she must keep herself quiet, and her courage up, for a very large nerve is injured, and the consequences might be bad, Fisher; but you may hope for the best, and a good deal depends on her. I have told her she must not attempt to speak, and that she must keep herself as quiet and easy as possible."

Yes, at last Mrs. Sergeant Fisher's voice was stopped.

Poor soul! she looked very white, and frightened, and panic-stricken.

In the midst of anger she was stricken down.

And those whom she had called her enemies came and administered to her.

CHAPTER XLI.

MILITARY LAW.

WHAT could he do? Olive St. Maur felt that his wretchedness could be no deeper than it was.

We know that here he erred. He feared only for his wife—for his child he had as yet no dread.

How could he meet the rumours?

It was true they were but rumours? But he was wise enough in his generation to know that multiplied calumny is accepted as something very like the truth.

It was on the 9th of June when circumstances almost forced him to do as he did.

What if she returned?

The thought crashed upon him like a thunderclap—what if she returned—supposing that she could do so?

She would be arrested assuredly—arrested as a traitor to the English Crown—arrested like any common mutineer.

And what would be her fate?

Would the commandant dare to make any difference in her favour? If the recreant sepoy and the recreant Indian potentate were shot or hanged without discrimination, would she find mercy?

What if she returned, not knowing that her treachery was known, would she not be destroyed? She, his wife, the mother of his little child.

And could he remain patiently there, beckoning her back, so to speak, and in a manner prompting her to meet her doom?

Was she at Delhi?

Or was that rumour false? But it was the only certain whisper of the place of her concealment, and by that day, the 9th of June, he had persuaded himself that she must be in that city.

She had been seen, he thought, and he who had seen her—one of the go-between spies—had spread the intelligence.

That day, as the sun rose, he sought an interview with Sir Henry Lawrence.

"Ha, St. Maur, you look ill."

"I am ill, general. I shall die of sheer wretchedness if I remain in camp any longer."

"Be calm in camp! What do you want?"

"Leave of absence."

Sir Henry smiled.

"By the way, St. Maur, has it struck you that we do not appear to be able to get out—in a body; so I question your ability to do so, even if I gave you leave."

"Sir Henry, I do not ask of you anything beyond leave of absence."

"Where to go to, Sir Olive?"

"To seek my wife."

"Ha, then you have heard the rumours?"

"Oh, yes, I've heard the rumours!" he said, with a hard, harsh kind of laugh.

"They are more, St. Maur—certainties. I learnt on the 30th that Lady St. Maur had gone back to her Indian friends. An awful thing, no doubt; but, as an English gentleman, you can bear up

against the misfortune. If your love is weak, your honour is greater."

"Of course I cannot grant it you. Have you heard the news? The Maharattas (a) are coming to our relief."

"Once more, Sir Henry—you have been very good to me on many occasions—I beg, entreat you will grant me leave of absence."

"My dear fellow, it were perfectly useless if I did; you would never leave the Residency alive. In your own interest, I refuse."

The young baronet bowed, and turned away.

"Olive St. Maur!"

"Sir Henry?"

"We do not part ill-friends, I hope; recall how any moment may be the last of either of us. I know not what we may have to go through—but let us meet it at peace, at all events."

The good general, then so near the end of his work, held out his hand.

St. Maur took it eagerly.

"Sir Henry," he said; "for the love of heaven, give me leave of absence."

"No—no—no!" said the general, and sounded a bell for his secretary.

This official entered immediately, and thus the private nature of the interview was at an end.

"Pardon me my abruptness," said the general, regarding the sweet kindly tone which was habitual to him; "and pray shake hands."

"Certainly, Sir Henry," said the baronet, seeking compassion in the old soldier's eyes.

Now the old soldier believed compassion would, in this case, best take the shape of firmness.

"Poor fellow!" he thought; "his loss has almost taken away his senses;" and so the general would not encounter the baronet's pleading eyes.

Two hours afterwards Phil Effingham found his old friend in a feverish, excited state, which called for some explanation.

"What's the matter, old boss?" asks Phil familiarly.

"Read that!"

It was a letter from Sir Henry Lawrence by his secretary. This was the sentence at which Phil Effingham opened his eyes:—

"The general directs me finally to say that any breach of military discipline, even in your case, would lead to a declaration of your desertion. The general will be glad to see you at your own convenience."

"What's up?" asked Phil.

"I've been asking for leave."

"Leave of what?"

"Leave of absence."

"Why, man, you must have taken leave of your senses."

"I think I have."

"Let's feel your hand. Why, you are in a downright fever, Olive."

Phil Effingham little thought that those few words and that simple doctorly action were to save his friend's life.

"You must lie by," said the doctor. "I'll be back by and by."

But that night Olive St. Maur died.

Next day he failed to place his name on the regimental book.

He had deserted.

And before the day had passed his desertion was proclaimed.

"Dishonoured!" said Phil Effingham, as he saw the notification of the desertion; and the doctor, who could stand up against any odds against himself, broke down over his friend's fall; and to be candid, he sat down on a camp stool which quivered under his weight and his emotion, and Dr. Phil Effingham wept as honestly and as truly as any plucky little boy whose courage had been quite broken down.

"Dishonoured!" he said, many times; "old Clivey St. Maur, poor old boy, dishonoured!"

Meanwhile, away in Delhi the Indians are victorious.

The bank (b) has fallen into their hands, the Europeans (c) are all either dead or in flight, and from the flagstaff (d) beyond Delhi many a ruined, blackened ruin can be seen blotting the fair landscape—ruins which were once English homes.

And the exultant news resounds through the streets: "In three days the prophetic Lota will complete the sacrifice, and 'tis said the great Brahma will appear in the high blue heaven."

(To be continued in our next)

(a) THE MAHARATTAS.—These people remained faithful to the English cause. They are a most interesting race. We give portraits of two of their chiefs. The Maharattas were formerly a powerful people, very warlike, brave, and daring; indeed, in the middle of the 17th century, their possessions comprised most of the principal States of Hindostan, extending from Agra to Cape Cormorin, and having a united area estimated at 131,450 square miles. Towards the end of the 18th century, the power of the Maharatta confederation was broken by the British, to whom all the States which composed it were now subject. Our sketches were taken by Prince Soltykoff, who, while in the camp of Lord Hardinge before Delhi, at a later period of our tale than that at which we have arrived, was present at an interview between his Lordship and Bindu-Rao, and other Maharatta chiefs. The costume of these chieftains is very elegant; round the head they wear rose-coloured muslin turbans, ornamented with gold embroidery, and under their tunics, generally of silk of the most delicate colour, they wear tight-fitting trousers, with yellow leather boots reaching above the knee. They usually carry a shield of buffalo hide, and a long sword, not unlike the claymore, though not quite so long. Over the shoulder hangs a cashmere shawl of fabulous value, the colours of which vary according to the clan to which the wearer belongs. These shawls are generally handed down through several generations, and must, in most instances, have been worth from £500 to £1,000.

(b) THE BANK AT DELHI.—The Delhi Bank, an elegant-looking building, was formerly the residence of the Begum Sumroo. It was sacked at the very commencement of the outbreak, and an immense sum of money was carried off by the insurgents. The unfortunate manager fell a victim.

(c) THE DELHI MASSACRES.—The atrocities committed by the Delhi insurgents were unexampled. One officer in the camp before the walls wrote as follows:—"On the 2nd (June) we marched from Panipat to Rasee. At this place some of the poor fugitives from Delhi met with the most barbarous treatment. We had to burn four villages on the road, and to hang seven Lumberdars. One of these wretches had part of a lady's dress for his kummersbund. He had seized a lady from Delhi, stripped her, violated, and then murdered her in the most cruel manner, first cutting off her breasts. He said he was sorry he had not an opportunity of doing more than he had done. Another lady, who had hid herself under a bridge, was treated in the same manner, then hacked to pieces, and her mangled remains thrown out on the plain. We found a pair of boots, evidently those of a girl six or seven years of age, with the feet in them. They had been cut off just above the ankle. We hung many other villains, and burnt the villages as we came along. A man who witnessed the last massacre in Delhi, where he had gone as a spy, gives a horrid account of it, stating that little children were thrown up in the air, and caught on the points of bayonets, or cut, as they were falling, with talwars. Another letter had the following almost incredible passage:—"All the Beresfords—father, mother, and six babies—were murdered, they say, by panes of glass, to cut their throats by way of torture." Other frightful deeds of atrocities committed by the mutineers came to the knowledge of the English. In Delhi, six European ladies had taken refuge in a room. One of them, very young and beautiful, concealed herself under a sofa. The other five were subjected to outrage by the mutinous soldiery, and then beheaded. The blood trickled under the sofa, and the young woman concealed there betrayed herself by uttering a shriek. She was seized, and (it was said) taken to the baram of the King of Delhi.

(d) THE FLAG-STAFF TOWER.—We give a view of Delhi from this point.

A PERFECT state of health may be ensured by the occasional use of Farr's Life Pills, which may be bought for a trifle (if any chemist in the Kingdom.—[Advertisement.]

MR. GEORGE THOMPSON IN AMERICA.

[From "Manhattan's" letter, dated March 1.]
 Spring opens with a snow storm, and with but little news of a warlike kind. The event of yesterday was—Monsieur Toussaint (Thompson) came again. He was at the Cooper Institute, New York last night, and had a grand reception. He said that thirty years ago, when he came over:—"I was regarded as a vile, pestilent fellow. I was a disturber of the public peace; I was an enemy to the Union; I was thought worthy to be denounced by your President, in an address to Congress. I am unchanged."
 I don't think he is changed either. But the question is now among the politicians, what new dodge is George up to? We do not know what to make of his coming out. It seems to me that a more consistent philosopher than George should have come out to advise Americans to continue to wage a bloody and relentless war upon Americans, and to lecture in a most atrocious manner as does this thick and thin spouter of a peace society. All sensible men must detect an English fellow who will stand up before an audience in New York and profess to worship and adore the United States, while the same foul mouth abuses England and her institutions.
 Jack Fremont presided. I will not call him general, though his creditors took the benefit of that title, as they have attached his pay. Jack spoke a speech which had been prepared for him by his clever wife Jesse, who has so often prayed, "Oh, that I were a man!" He soft-soaped Thompson furiously.
 "I thank him individually, and as one of a class which in England represents the public conscience—a class loving liberty and intolerant of oppression, and to whom we were indebted for that tenacious adherence to our cause, which they have evinced from the very beginning of the war—(applause)—and whose sympathies reach from the starving Manchester operative to the throne which they touch and influence (Cheers). Indications during the past year lead us to infer a disposition of tenderness towards us on the part of England. This comes in part from the fact that England begins to find that an ally will be necessary, and partly from an opposition to French policy; but we believe it mainly due to the efforts of that class represented here to-night that may render an alliance between the countries possible. We recognize the influence in the check given to Southern sympathizers among them, and we take pleasure in believing that it is the same influence which induced England to withdraw from all alliances with those who attempted to place an Austrian throne on the ruins of a sister republic (Applause). Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honour to introduce to you the representative of the Liberal democracy of England, the true friend of America, Mr. George Thompson. (Great applause, which lasted some time.)
 Of course Thompson returned the compliments of John. He said millions of hearts in England worshipped Jack. "Your name is a household word in England—they believe you would have rivalled St. Patrick, and driven all the snakes from America, whether rattlesnakes or copperheads." Mr. Thompson, after trying hard to convince the audience that the English people were fools by being adherents of this poor feeble pike Fremont, told another monstrous lie. He said that the nigger Jackson, who was coachman when he visited London, was a guest at his own house, and that he attended a meeting of the Confederates, and was introduced to Mr. Mason, the rebel envoy. Well, what next! I trust the day is not far distant when such a man will be kicked out of New York. Our poor city is lying low in the dirt, and too feeble now to do anything; but she will get strength one of these days when she finds that ruin must follow. All such demonstrations for the negro in this city are made for political effect—to promote the chances of this or that poor miserable fellow for the Presidency. There is not a negro barber in New York who is not now an aspirant for the Presidency, and thinks his chances are good. If a rail-splitter is elected, why not a barber? If he was elected on the negro question, why not I, "who am a pure dark," though Abe is dark, too. In fact, I am myself in favour of an out and out nigger president. I do not believe in any mulattoes, quarterons, or eighterons; give us a pure, unadulterated negro, and I will vote for him. The sooner we come to that issue the better. He would be as far superior to the presidential candidates Lincoln, Fremont, Chase, and that prominent school of negro politicians, as darkness is to light in this country. Everything is now sacrificed to make political capital for this or that miserable wretch. Florida was invaded the other day, and it is supposed that 12,000 or 13,000 poor white men were butchered because Abe Lincoln thought he could get the electoral votes from Florida in November if he captured the capital. Oh, how many anguished hearts there are in New York this morning because the news of that fearful and uncalled for disaster was suppressed by General Gillmore! But what cares the President? When he reads the details of the awful carnage, if nobody else is present he will turn to his body servant, and while laughing, till the tears roll down his cheeks, he will say, "Bob, that reminds me of something that happened to me out in Illinois. It was early in spring, as it is now. I had been cutting down a chestnut tree to split up for rails, when I saw a lot of young snakes that had been scared by the jar coming out at the roots. I waited until a mass of them had got out in the sun, and were coiled up together, feeble and scarcely able to move. I went and got a great big rock and chucked down on them. Law, what bloody work it was, and they squared and bit each other in their dying agonies, and I screaming with laughter, and just such fun must have happened when our troops, under Seymour, got into the trap of the rebels at Olustee in Florida." We know that thousands have perished in not one but fifty battles, by the experiments of the President, that caused no more anxiety or remorse to him

than would the burning of the shavings when he was making models for inventions to split rails by steam. When will this end? Thousands are becoming Deists in this country, and ceasing to believe in a merciful God and Ruler of the world. because they say if there was one He would not permit such horrible atrocities to be perpetrated on this Western continent as are of daily occurrence.

STATE OF MEXICO.

THE *Monitor* gives the following summary of the intelligence from Mexico:—
 "The news of the definitive acceptance of Prince Maximilian has been received with enthusiasm throughout the whole country. On the 4th of February a *Te Deum* was performed in the cathedral of the capital by the Archbishop of Mexico, assisted by the Archbishop of Guadalajara and the Bishop of Potosi. The general-in-chief, all the authorities, and the staffs of the Franco-Mexican army were present. The example has been followed in the different provinces. Just before, the regency published a decree, the principal clauses of which state that military men in the service of the fallen Government, who shall signify their adhesion to the intervention and to the empire within the delay of one month, shall retain their ranks. General Bazaine returned to the capital on the 3rd Feb., after having accomplished in two months and a half a tour of more than 400 leagues marked by constant success. The despatches point out the excellent effect produced on all points of the country by the presence of the French troops. General Donay and the other chiefs of corps scattered over the provinces have just destroyed simultaneously all that remained of the troops of Uruga and Doblado, near Legas Palamencia, and at some leagues from Zacatecas. Doblado has been abandoned by 2,000 of his soldiers, who have come over to General Mejia. Juarez appears to have fled towards the United States by the Rio Bravo del Norte. Mexico and its neighbourhood enjoy the greatest security; the band of Martinez which ravaged the country has been completely dispersed. On the 17th of January the company of partisans organized against it captured 1,000 cartridges, 120 cavalry equipments, 4 horses, 50 oxen, 350 sheep, and the supply of maize, which in the mountain formed the reserve of that guerrilla force. The accounts from the different centres of command are quite satisfactory; Puebla, Orizaba, and Chetumal enjoy perfect tranquillity. Everything is restored to order in the Terra Caliente. Camaron and Paso del Macho are becoming considerable centres; the inhabitants are organizing themselves, and forming a rural guard for the defence of the country. Several guerrilla chiefs have given their adhesion, and others express their readiness to do so. At Vera Cruz the spirit of the people is becoming every day better, and the roads more secure. The functionaries give proof of devotedness and of activity. At Camapochu all the country round has adhered to the intervention and to the empire. The health of the expeditionary corps both at Vera Cruz and elsewhere is excellent."

A BLACKGUARD.—A resident at Stoke Newington on Saturday forwarded to the magistrate at Guildhall a letter which had been received by his sister, who had advertised in the *Times* for a situation as housemaid. He sent it in order that the abominable system of attempting to entrap young women might be exposed. The letter ran thus:—"Should 'O. H.' not procure the situation required, would she object to live with a gentleman as companion, &c? If approved of he would give a good salary and a comfortable home. If you think anything of this send full particulars of yourself, and say if you are cheerful and good-looking. Also send your portrait if you have it, which shall be returned. You may rely on my confidence. Address, W. F., 151, Cheapside, E.C." Alderman Gibbon, in making the fact known, regretted that the law could not reach such posts to society as the writer.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.—OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARRAPILLA.—In early spring, when the system must be charged with bad humours, a course of this blood-purifying medicine is very beneficial. It clears the face and body from all blotches and pimples, purges from the system the taint of mercury, and gives new blood and new life to the invalid. Mothers should use it for the sake of their infants, and no sea-captain or emigrant should be without it on the sea voyage. Sold everywhere.—Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street, London. Important Caution.—Get the red and blue wrappers, with the old doctor's head in the centre. None other are genuine.—[Advertisement.]

THE GREAT CLOCK.—"It is a triumph of ingenuity."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 31, 1864. Clocks by the first artists of the day for the drawing-room, dining room, bedroom, library, hall, staircase, bracket, carriage, church, turret, railways, warehouse, counting-house, musical, and astronomical. Church and turret clocks especially estimated for. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Clocks (free by post for two stamps), with descriptions and prices, enables those who live in any part of the world to select a clock. Also a short Pamphlet on Cathedral and public clocks, free for one stamp. Prize Medal and Honourable Mention in Classes 53 and 15. J. W. Benson, 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker, by special Warrant of Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.—[Advertisement.]

MR. JOHN ROUSE, 35, St. James-place, Plumstead, says: "Feb. 6, 1864. For a cough of thirty-three years' standing, Hall's Lung Restorer has been of more service to me than all the medicines I ever tried." Sold in bottles, at 1s. 1/4, 2s. 9d., &c., by T. Hall, 6, Commercial-street, Shoreditch, London, N.E., and all chemists.—[Advertisement.]

MURDER IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE *New Zealand Southern Cross* of Jan. 1 has the following:—
 "The wife and daughter of a settler, named Thompson, near Kaipara, were barbarously murdered by a native on the 21st of last month. A surviving daughter of Mrs. Thompson says that, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, a Maori came to her father's house and wanted to buy some sugar. Mrs. Thompson weighed the sugar, and also gave him some bread and meat, as he said he was hungry. He seemed very friendly, but after saying he would pay her husband for the sugar, he went out, leaving his parcel on the table. In about half an hour he returned, and said he wanted 5s. 6d. worth more of the sugar. He had brought in with him a new American axe, which he laid carelessly upon a stool, and Mrs. Thompson, unsuspecting nothing, turned round to get out the sugar for him, when, seizing the axe, he struck her on the back of the neck with the terrible weapon, almost severing her head from her body, and of course producing instantaneous death. The eldest daughter seems to have been the only witness to the actual commission of the foul deed, her two sisters being engaged in milking the cows in the stock-yard, close at hand. The scream given by the eldest daughter gave them the alarm, and both took to flight. Seeing this, and fearing their getting assistance, the wretch gave chase, axe in hand, to the girls, one of whom was fourteen, the other eleven years of age. With great presence of mind the eldest daughter hastily bolted the door, and finding that her mother was quite dead, took up the baby, and leaving the house by the back door made her escape into the woods. She reached the house of a settler at some distance, after a fearful journey through the forest, and steps were at once taken to send intelligence to Auckland. Meanwhile the Maori succeeded in overtaking one of the girls, and killing her likewise with the axe, and was only prevented from killing the other by the timely appearance of three settlers, who, alarmed by the screams they had heard, seized whatever weapons came nearest, and rushed towards Thompson's house. Their appearance, and that of the dogs, who seem to have made straight at the native, caused him to pause, and finally to turn back into the bush. Great excitement was caused in town by the receipt of the above intelligence, and immediate steps were taken to send a protective force to Kaipara. A force of nearly 100 militia and blue jackets was forthwith sent up towards the district for the protection of the settlers there, and Mr. Fox at once proceeded to the scene of this barbarity; the natives professing the greatest concern at what had taken place, and declaring that all their tribe should be assembled for Florida Thompson, the daughter who saw Mrs. Thompson struck down, to pick out the murderer. Subsequently Miss Thompson went to identify the murderer, and the following is an account of the proceedings:—The chief, Paul, addressing the natives, ordered them to take off their hats or other head coverings, and this was done instantly. He then said, 'When the girl points out the man, sit quite quiet. Be patient and be quiet. That is all I have to tell you. If the man is here who committed the crime, and she points him out, then he will be taken.' Paul then, in an exceedingly polite manner, gave his hand to Miss Thompson, and led her slowly towards the base of the triangular group of natives. The Rev. Mr. Gittos followed, leading Miss H. M. Thompson. The Europeans formed a 'thin line' fronting the Maories, about fifteen paces distant, and were most anxious spectators of these proceedings. The scrutiny had now commenced in earnest, and an imposing stillness reigned—more impressive from the sudden cessation of the noise of so many voices, the eye alone being now employed watching intensely the movements of Paul and Miss Thompson, as they slowly approached towards the middle of the first group. They passed on, and now, to the initiated—to those who knew Rangiri—it appeared he would not be recognised, that in spite of her declaration that she could not fail to identify him, the number of Maories present had bewildered her, and her mother's and sister's murderer must escape. She had got two paces past the line in which Rangiri was seated—five deep—when half turning round, she suddenly snatched her hand from Paul, and advancing with rapid movement, stopped between other Maories and pointed him out with her closed parasol. He hung down his head at once, but afterwards raised it and made a somewhat sinister smile. Miss Thompson, after identifying Rangiri, appeared very much affected, and seemed on the point of fainting as she turned away, but Mr. Lamb promptly came up, and hurried her and the younger daughter to the summit of the hill, where they joined their father, and almost immediately started, it was said, to return to their farm. On the 29th instant Rangiri was brought before the police-court, and committed for trial."

EXTRAORDINARY BAPTISM.—In one of the churches of Jungbunzlau, Bohemia, an infant was baptized, a Jewess acting as sponsor on the occasion. The priest, of course, knew nothing of this circumstance. The rite having been duly performed, the sponsor, as usual on such occasions, entered her name in the baptismal register. Subsequently the priest became acquainted with the religion of the sponsor. Legal proceedings are now being taken against her.

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